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DECEMBER 27, 1948

IRON CURTAIN FOR THE MIND

No. 1 OF A SERIES By JOSEPH P. LASH

★

THE DEAD HAND OF DARLAN

AN EDITORIAL

15¢

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Coming January 10

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WHEN this Congress meets, more new voices will answer the roll call than at any time since 1932, when the FIRST New Deal came to power.

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¶ Many members were elected because they took a stand on living issues and promised reforms.

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New Republic

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CONTENTS FOR DEC. 27, 1948

5 Editorial
7 The Week:
7 Our Needs Against Our Purse
7 A Setback for ECA
8 Georgia Relents
9 The Counterattack Begins
9 Hiss to the Bar
10 Not Socialism
10 China Report
11 New Faces in Congress
12 Outside America
13 Iron Curtain for the Mind
16 Vote for World Government
18 Joseph Meets His Brethren
22 Left of Center
23 Books
28 Radio
29 Theatre
30 Movies
31 Correspondence

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WASHINGTON WIRE

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is going to go bang-bang-bang at Congress when it meets. The idea is to hit quick and hard. The example is the famous "100 days" of FDR. The Congress iron is malleable briefly after an election, but cools quickly. The prospect now is that the first three months of the Truman term will be something to watch.

Truman, Barkley and Rayburn discussed fully the machinery of legislative control at Key West. There are vital procedural questions involved. Unless curbed, the filibuster in the Senate, the autocratic Rules Committee in the House and the committee "seniority system" for picking chairmen in both chambers can thwart a new Administration. It doesn't look now as though much would be done about the filibuster or the archaic seniority system. The fight to curb the House Rules Committee may be Truman's first big fight, the first real test of his power.

When the House meets, the clerk bangs his gavel and somebody moves to "adopt the rules of the last Congress." Usually this is a perfunctory motion. But if a determined fight is to be made to curb the dictatorial power of the Rules Committee, it must start right there; and that is the present program. It will come even before the Truman "State of the Union" message on January 5. Congress meets to organize on January 3, and from then on Truman is going to chuck things in Congress' lap. It will be easier with a reformed Rules Committee, but the program is coming up anyway.

Harvard economist Sumner H. Slichter told the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report that "large" corporation profits are all a mirage; they are due to improper bookkeeping. On the other hand, Harvard economist Seymour E. Harris told the same committee that profits are 'way too high. You can see the difficulty a reporter has following these hearings. One comment struck me forcibly. A witness said that one can walk into a salesroom in some cities now and buy a Cadillac, or even a Lincoln, and ride away in it.

We get a lot of comfort out of thinking how that would help our last-minute Christmas shopping, but will our economy, in getting back to normal, know enough to stop there? Or will it crash right through the floor? One thing now is as sure as anything can be in this city: Truman is going to give US economy the works if and when it shows signs of a bad slump. We've come that far, at least, in a planned economy.

For a while it looked as if the House Un-American Activities Committee were on the ropes. Now the Hiss indictment will be used as "vindication." Since it was created, this committee has always reached for a headline instead of a fact. But the evidence has accumulated that there was in fact a spy ring here in 1937-38. Ironically, what nailed this down was not the committee, but the Hiss libel suit.

We have to say, regretfully, that the Justice Department seems to us to have been goaded at times into a political line by the committee and to have dragged its feet. If the House committee can't be abolished under present circumstances, it can at least be vastly improved; it can be required to respect civil rights and to reform its procedure. Above all, it can be given stronger personnel. The Administration drive against the committee is apt to take that direction.

We dropped in on the committee the other day. There were five spotlights and seven movie cameras. Pale, blue-eyed Stripling, black hair plastered back with pomade, was putting the pumpkin story on record. We

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want to report right here that it may not have been a pumpkin at all; some accounts make it a squash, others a "Nantucket" or pie pumpkin.

Sumner Welles took the stand, deep-voiced, with large features, high forehead, impressive mien and the narrowest mustache we have ever seen, drawn geometrically across his upper lip like a pasted white thread. What a figure he was, with a natty handkerchief in the pocket of a double-breasted chalk-stripe brown suit! What commanding presence! We looked for spats, but he wears them invisibly. The cameras flashed and whirred. How can you abolish a show like that?

We set down an excerpt from the London *Economist,* November 27, the British conservative business magazine. "There is no excuse," it says, "for refusing the [German] unions any voice in shaping policies which affect workers. Yet the American authorities have created the impression that this is precisely what they intend to do. This senseless snubbing of responsible trade union leadership cannot fail to be a major factor in the battle against inflation. . . . The astonishing rises in production that have occurred in recent months can hardly be maintained if disillusion and disgust spread to the ranks of the workers."

Notes. After rigidly enforcing the anti-oleomargarine law for 60 years, Canada was told by her Supreme Court last week that the ban has always been unconstitutional. . . . The Taft-Hartley Act was supposed to outlaw the kind of welfare fund Petrillo sought for his musicians, and Petrillo said "no more recorded music forever." Anticipating repeal of the law, the Justice Department has now approved the welfare fund and Petrillo has lifted his ban; his shrewd "forever" lasted one year. . . . Are you softened at this season (as we invariably are) by the Christmas spirit? Send a $10 check to CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York 4, for an overseas gift package to some unfortunate family—your tree will be lovelier, the candles brighter. Merry Christmas!

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 119, NUMBER 26, ISSUE 1778, NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 27, 1948

New Republic

THE DEAD HAND OF DARLAN

"TO FRANCE who gave us freedom, we will give back freedom." These words, with pictures of the Statue of Liberty and the Stars and Stripes, were on the first US propaganda leaflet of World War II. RAF planes showered millions of copies on occupied France a few weeks after Pearl Harbor.

Naturally, the Frenchmen who were resisting homegrown as well as foreign tyranny took the promise as being given to *them*. Later on, however, they had doubts. Of course, General Eisenhower's armies were slugging away at the Germans and President Roosevelt was holding fast to the "unconditional surrender" formula. But to the Frenchmen who were heartened by these eloquent deeds and strong words, it seemed that the Americans had a double standard of freedom: while US policy recognized no "good" Germans, it appeared to be banking on Marshal Pétain and "good" Frenchmen whom Cordell Hull thought he had found in Vichy.

The explanation given by US policy-makers to the French resisters (and to millions of anti-Darlanite Americans) was in effect that this was too hot a war to permit taking sides in internal French politics. America was engaged in what Roosevelt called "the war for survival." Everything that could be done to save American lives, to prevent the needless shedding of American blood, had to be done. All concern with politics had therefore to be postponed until the end of the war. Meantime, military expediency had to rule supreme. What was all-important was the immediate military objective, the next campaign, even the next town or road or river. Long-term politics could wait.

It did not wait. As well as they could, Frenchmen fought their own war against their own thieves of freedom. And now, seven years after that first promise to France from on high and afar, they are wondering if US policy toward France is not making the same mistakes in the cold war as it did in the hot. This time, the French are told, we are in the atomic age, and the survival not only of America but of the West, perhaps even of world civilization itself, is involved. The Marshall Plan is designed to help bring about a cosmic economic recovery that can forestall a cosmic catastrophe. So, this time, economic expediency has to rule supreme. What is all-important is the immediate economic objective, the next production figure. Both the State Department and the Pentagon Building recede into the background, and the ECA businessmen now say what soldiers once said—long-term politics can wait.

But can it really wait? Since the Queuille government came to power in Paris, it has lived by the grace of US help, especially the ECA counterpart funds. Without such help, it would not have been able to stumble down the middle of the political road between the Communists and Gaullists. And even with such help, the going is now likely to become a great deal more difficult, precisely because of the new interpretation of the old formula that long-term politics can wait.

Economic considerations, the French are told, prompted the US policy decision to entrust temporary control of the Ruhr to the Germans. In taking the step, US policy-makers explained that they were merely postponing a "definitive" solution until after a peace treaty was signed with Germany—that is, until the end of the cold war. But the order transferring control mentioned a future freely elected German state that would be the permanent master of Germany's arsenal of industrial power in two wars. To security-minded Europeans, especially in France, this invocation of the future to justify the present had seriously disturbing political implications; it renewed the fear that behind the US policy of short-term economic expediency might be the obscure purposes of the "Germanism" of some of the ECA businessmen. Previous steps taken by General Clay had already caused suspicion. For example, there had been the British proposal to "socialize" the Rhenish congeries of economic power, which Clay blocked, saying it must wait until Germany was united.

The Ruhr decision stirs up in France bit-

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ter memories of US policy in North Africa and Italy. And this time, US policy has played into the hands not of one but of two domestic enemies of French freedom —Maurice Thorez, who takes his orders from Moscow; Charles de Gaulle, who walks in the path of Napoleon-the-Little, Boulanger of the White Horse, and Henri Philippe Pétain, who shook Hitler's hand at Montoire. The threat each presents might not be what it is now had it not been for an exaggeratedly literal interpretation of the requirements of wartime military expediency. If there had been more attention to long-term politics during the hot war, there might be less danger in the cold war.

The fact that millions of Frenchmen see in US support of the "good" Germans of the Ruhr a repetition of the error of backing the "good" Frenchmen of Vichy is not going to make it easy for the US to let long-term French politics wait. Already, after some months of what ECA's David Bruce considers scrupulous non-interference in French domestic affairs, there are grave doubts among anti-Communist progressives about US methods, if not about US intentions. These Frenchmen believe that, wittingly or not, the US is condemning ECA to ultimate failure by making it the prop of anti-Gaullist conservatives who are reactionary in their long-term politics.

Some conservatives also are disturbed. Jean Monnet, director of the French plan for modernizing industry and agriculture, warns that "When American aid stops, our standard of living will collapse, with all the consequences that implies, if the aid has not been replaced by the product of our own effort."

But in what direction is the French effort to go? The answers are very much a matter of French internal long-term politics.

The conservatives are all for what they call confidence. They talk wistfully about Raymond Poincaré's "miracle" of 1926—the stabilization of the currency. Their main thesis is that France is in trouble because she has been spending money she could not really afford. What France needs is the kind of deflation and monetary reform that will restore the confidence of the capitalists. All or nearly all economic controls should be removed. Psychologically, they are bad because they remind the people less of socialism and progress than of Vichy and the Germans. Practically, they are unworkable because the structure of the French economy, with its small units, makes them hard to enforce. Civil servants are so badly paid that the administrative machine is incompetent and corrupt. The laws and court methods do not permit quick and effective punishment for offenders.

The argument goes on that the capitalists should be shown that they have much to gain by investing their money. If government expenses are cut to the bone, if taxes are reduced and the remaining ones really collected, "miracles" will happen—back into circulation will come huge sums of money now in private hands, great quantities of hidden gold, accumulations of foreign currencies and stocks of commodities. Farmers will stop hoarding, shopkeepers will put their goods back on the counters, businesses will give up profiteering, the little people will once more save and invest. And with the return of unfettered free private enterprise, the Americans will regain confidence in France.

The anti-Communist progressives say the trouble is that the Americans have already bought and paid for the turn-back-the-clock economic imperialists. The real question is who is to pay the cost of wartime destruction and peacetime reconstruction. Thus far, the workers have done most of the paying in the form of heavy indirect taxes on articles of primary necessity, and in low wages whose discrepancy in relation to rising prices amounts to a steadily increasing tax. Meanwhile, the farmers have paid little, and the rich, the big bourgeoisie, the great banks and industrial combines least of all. The workers, already at the limit of their power to sacrifice, must get more real revenue.

The only possible answer is controls—more, better, wider controls, and these in the larger framework of long-term policy. ECA funds may bring about increased production, but so long as the Americans do not see the need for dispossessing the economic old guard, and forcing real economic reforms, they will be building a house of cards. What France needs—and what US economic expediency is preventing—is to move in the direction of a fully planned economy of democratic socialism. Instead of lending themselves to a policy of postponement, the Americans should demand controls that increase taxes and really collect them, that redistribute the national income, reduce profits, hold down prices, direct credit and investment and force the new thieves of French freedom to disgorge their booty.

It seems hard to believe that the Americans who preferred Truman to Dewey can do other than choose for France the progressives' controls rather than the conservatives' confidence. Yet US policy toward France —spearheaded by ECA—is more that of Dewey's Free Enterprisers than that of Truman's New New Dealers. And if Americans, failing to see the echoes of Darlanism in the gospel of "pure production," do not bring pressure to bear for a change, the promise made seven years ago to the French and fulfilled by US arms, if not US policy, may be withdrawn.

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THE WEEK

Our Needs Against Our Purse

A GREAT AMOUNT of real planning has gone into the State of the Union message President Truman will deliver to the new Congress. A special six-man cabinet committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. Edwin G. Nourse of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, has presided over the coördination of the whole program. The Secretaries of the Treasury, of Commerce, Agriculture, Labor, and the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board have been meeting weekly and have appeared individually before the three-man Council of Economic Advisers to justify their departmental recommendations in terms of general economic stability. This year, for the first time, second and third teams representing these same key agencies of the government have also been working together day by day, reconciling proposed legislation for housing, education, health and public works with recommendations on taxes and the budget for national defense.

In the course of working out this program for the President, the Council of Economic Advisers has taken on a new role. It is beginning to parallel, in the economic sphere, the function of the Budget Bureau in regard to appropriations for all agencies of the government. The temporary committee which has been working under Nourse may be shaping into a sort of economic committee of the cabinet, headed not by the President but by the Council, acting as his deputy. After all the agency proposals for his message were in, the President met personally with this committee and the Economic Advisers to go over the entire program. Indications are that the group will be called together whenever similar jobs arise.

Behind this encouraging demonstration in planning, a battle of principles has been raging among the military, conservative-minded civilians and the New Deal expansionists in the inner circle of the White House.

The military has concentrated its efforts on raising the $15 billion ceiling on military appropriations set by the President some months ago. Three essentially cautious men around Truman—Chairman Nourse of the Economic Council, Director of the Budget James Webb, and Presidential Assistant John Steelman—have been exerting all their influence to keep the $15 billion lid on the military and hold down other projected expenditures as well. Presidential Counsel Clark Clifford and Economic Council Vice-Chairman Leon Keyserling have been the loudest voices in favor of rapid expansion of the economy, under careful government planning and direction for maximum production.

So far as this struggle has been resolved, the expansionists have prevailed. On various specific items, men like Charles Brannan and Maurice Tobin in the cabinet and Oscar Ewing and Oscar Chapman in the subcabinet lined up behind the general views Clifford and Keyserling expressed. And Vice President-elect Barkley and other congressional leaders, looking ahead to 1950, let the White House know that their vote was for a real New Deal program. As of now, the fight to contain the military within a $15 billion share of the total budget for next year seems to be won. Major credit for this goes to Nourse and Webb.

Failing this decision, the hopes of the New Dealers would have gone glimmering. As it is, these hopes for far-reaching reforms now depend on the size of the tax program that is finally agreed upon. If the President can be persuaded that the country can afford a national budget of $50 billion or more for next year, instead of the $45 billion figure John Steelman and Secretary of the Treasury Snyder caution, there will be funds available for beginning new regional-development projects and underwriting increases in our capacity to produce extra quantities of steel, aluminum and other scarce materials, as well as for such urgent matters as housing, education and social security.

The forces are joined in the White House. And machinery is beginning to be created for weighing what we need against what we can afford.

A SETBACK FOR ECA

The importance and value of US help for European recovery, as expressed in ECA, are so obvious that US isolationists have to work in devious ways. But they do work, and they are helped in their sabotage of ECA by selfish and shortsighted businessmen, more concerned with their immediate personal advantages than with the great US national benefits that will come from Europe's recovery.

A case in point was the recent flurry of excitement about charges that the British, though getting aluminum from the US under ECA, were reselling to this country aluminum scrap bought with ECA dollars. The New York *Times* topped its first page with

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the story. Midwestern newspapers had a field day with it. US businessmen and industrial groups sent letters to Congress. The impression was created that Albion was again up to her traditional perfidy, that the British were not to be trusted, and that we had better take a long second look at this whole ECA business. It was not surprising that all this should have happened not long before the new Congress met.

What was important, however, was that Acting ECA Administrator Howard Bruce accepted the story as true and, without making a searching investigation into the facts, cabled to ECA heads in London, Brussels and Amsterdam to warn local officials against continuing the alleged double-dealing. Only after his action had had a bad psychological effect, playing right into the hands of the isolationists and selfish businessmen, did he admit that he had acted only on the basis of the newspaper stories and the letters to congressmen.

Yet facts that would have shown the falsity of the story could have been found without any trouble. According to ECA's Thomas K. Finletter in London, licenses were issued for the shipment from Britain to the US of only trivial amounts of scrap, instead of the large quantities mentioned in the accusing story. There was no proof that shipments were made without the knowledge of the British government. Moreover, the British had forgone a quarter of their aluminum quota under ECA in order to help out with a shortage of the metal in this country.

It can be granted that each side in the argument may be using statistics to prove its case and that a further investigation should be made. Nevertheless, the overriding fact remains that the second highest ECA official either acted with unjustified haste or allowed himself to be used in a maneuver directed against the organization of which he is the acting head. Such irresponsibility is a matter of the highest importance, since it has done great damage that no denials or second-thoughts can quite repair. The Americans who support ECA have the right to the assurance that in the future Bruce will conduct himself as a responsible official should.

GEORGIA RELENTS

ATLANTA (NR correspondent)

Eighty-four years after Sherman's March to the Sea, Georgia officially recognized the abolition of slavery by imprisoning two white men for raping two Negro women, and a week later by indicting two other white men for the lynch murder of a "biggety" Negro.

The indictment was returned by a wool-hat county grand jury after powerful pressure was exerted by Ralph McGill, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution* and contributor to the *New Republic*. The men charged were Roderick Clifton and Spud Howell, both prominent and politically influential in Toombs County.

Amy James Mallard, the widow, positively identified them as the slayers of Robert Mallard, a prosperous salesman who was shot to death because some people in Toombs County thought he was getting too high for a man of his race. Other relatives confirmed the identification, but one, a young cousin of the murdered man, was reported to have developed some doubts after a few days in Sheriff R. E. Gray's "protective custody."

Sheriff Gray was apparently reluctant to take any action calculated to offend the suspects' families and local prejudice. The usually efficient Georgia Bureau of Investigation was unable to make much headway.

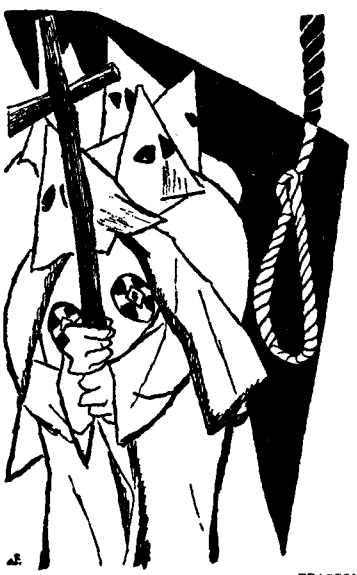
News of the crime did not leak out until three days after the night, November 20, on which it happened. And then it came by way of NAACP headquarters in New York. The Atlanta and Macon papers headlined the story and kept it alive. As a consequence, Georgia's new Governor, Herman Talmadge, apparently anxious to live down at least some of the stigma of his late father's race-baiting, not only sent the GBI to Toombs with orders to track down the guilty "regardless of who or what color they are" but also prodded the investigation by telephone daily. Even so, little progress was being made and there seemed every likelihood the affair would blow over, after all.

Then McGill wrote an editorial in the *Constitution* demanding a special grand jury to consider the evidence. The sheriff had said he supposed "any evidence" would be submitted to the regular February grand jury.

"Here," wrote McGill, "is the perfect illustration of why the South too often is presented to the nation as a region which flouts its own laws and is not interested in applying the penalty of law to killers if the dead man be a Negro. People have a right to ask why the whole power of the law-enforcement officers of the county was not thrown into the case; why the dogs were not out; why a posse was not organized. This is America, a nation built on law. The law-enforcement policy in this case has hurt the South badly. There is no escaping that fact. And there is no excuse that can be made for it."

The Associated Press carried McGill's thousand-word indictment almost in full. The Toombs County grand jury then reassembled, set a date for a hearing and issued a subpoena for McGill.

McGill gave the grand jury the most comprehensive and unbiased account of the crime it received. He made available to them not only all the facts revealed by the *Constitution's* reporters,



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but also reports from special investigations conducted by the Southern Regional Council and the NAACP, which certainly would not have got into the grand-jury room otherwise.

McGill was before the jury 45 minutes, longer than any other witness, including the widow of the slain man. He not only gave it plenty of evidence but also an impassioned plea to see justice done. In addition, he left it with the warning that, if it failed to act, federal intervention could be expected in the case under the US Code section making it a crime to "go in disguise on the highway, or on the premises of another, with intent to prevent or hinder his free exercise of enjoyment of any right or privilege so secured."

The betting was twenty to one, before McGill put in his appearance, that the grand jury would take no action. But the odds dropped steadily as the hearing, expected to last an hour and a half or two hours, ran on into the night. Finally, after more than ten hours, the jurors emerged with true bills.

Clifton and Howell will be tried at a special session of Toombs Superior Court, which has been set for January 11. They have retained virtually all the county's leading attorneys to represent them.

VOTES BEAT DOLLARS

CLEVELAND (NR correspondent)

Never have Cleveland's Republicans paid so much for so little as they did in the election of 1948. According to official expense accounts, the party ran up bills of $165,000 during the campaign. And in spite of their investment, they elected not a single official to county office. They failed by more than 100,000 votes to carry their county for incumbent Governor Tom Herbert. They failed, by a smaller but still substantial margin, to carry the county for Dewey.

They did not elect a single candidate to the state legislature. In fact, they elected only one candidate—Mrs. Frances Bolton, who was running for reëlection to Congress in a district which has always been Republican.

They also came out of the campaign with a $30,000 deficit. Among the bills still owed is one for more than $1,000 to the city of Cleveland for use of the Public Auditorium for a Dewey appearance late in October. The failure of these large expenditures to produce any sort of political success has started a row in Republican circles.

The money-raisers are headed by Al J. Weatherhead, wealthy manufacturer of aircraft and automotive parts. The contributors are, in the main, other industrialists and big corporation lawyers.

To solicit a war chest, Weatherhead set up an independent finance committee, headed by a former assistant safety director, Robert W. Chamberlin. The function of the committee was supposed to be simply money-raising. Direction of the campaigns was supposed to remain with the county GOP organization, headed by Representative George Bender.

But the big contributors have been taking a stronger and stronger hand in the development of campaign policy. The professional politicians, while loving their dollars, resent the intrusion. The professionals think these industrialists know nothing about politics, and shouldn't try to influence tactics.

Had the money yielded ballots, the organization might have kept quiet. But this year's defeat, coupled with last year's shellacking in the mayoralty race, has strained relations to the breaking point. It's probable now that the Republican organization will toss out the financiers and run the campaigns their own way, even if they have to do it on far less money.

They figure the results can't be worse.

THE COUNTERATTACK BEGINS

The Southern Governors, at their annual clan meeting in Savannah, Georgia, last week, chose to ignore the Truman victory and mapped plans to defeat many of the Administration measures due for action in the 81st Congress. The Dixie state executives pledged to fight all proposed civil-rights legislation, federal control of the National Guard, federal control of tideland-oil reserves, and any other "states' rights" measures that are considered next session.

The Governors declared that "millions of Americans have an unfavorable attitude toward the South created and perpetuated by untruths and half-truths." To remedy this, they created a Southern Foundation, financed jointly by the 15 states, to "correctly" inform the nation (as did J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina during his presidential campaign) about the South. The conference plans to set up a Southern Governors Bureau in Washington, ostensibly a publicity bureau but actually a lobby to fight civil-rights and oil legislation and keep the name of Thurmond alive until 1952.

As a magnanimous gesture to further Negro education, the Governors approved plans for $300,000 annual aid to help finance Meharry Medical College for Negroes at Nashville, Tennessee. The Senate, last session, refused to approve such a compact, which is designed to circumvent Supreme Court decisions requiring Southern states to provide equal education for Negroes or allow them to enter the white state universities.

HISS TO THE BAR

Alger Hiss has now been indicted by a federal grand jury, and his trial will begin in federal court January 24 or soon thereafter. This is, we think, good news for the country and, if he is innocent as he says he is, for Hiss as well.

He will now have, literally, his day in court, surrounded by the safeguards of our legal system which were so conspicuously lacking in the sinister antics of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. He will be represented by counsel; will have the right to cross-examine; will be able to summon witnesses for his defense.

The charges made against Hiss are serious in the extreme. If wholesale espionage, or any degree of espionage,

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existed in the past, or exists now, the country is entitled to know it and to make sure that it is stopped. The wretched mishandling of the whole affair by the Thomas committee has helped, in the minds of many people, to obscure the essential seriousness of the charges and the apparent validity of some of the testimony. It is high time that the facts be established, in so far as they can be, in a reputable court of law.

NOT SOCIALISM

American newspapers have recently suggested that the new plan for legal aid, under consideration in Great Britain, amounts to "socializing the practice of law." But the facts do not bear out this assumption. The new plan is simply a scheme for giving legal assistance to the poor in a better and more systematic way than is now done.

Help will be furnished only to persons with an annual income of $1,700 or less, or possessing capital of $2,000 or less. A limited number of salaried lawyers to whom poor persons may apply for oral advice on simple legal problems will be available. This advice will ordinarily be given without charge to the client, the salaries being paid, ultimately, out of the public exchequer. If the matter is more serious, involving court action, the routine is different. In civil cases, the application will first be screened by a local committee of the Law Society, the British equivalent of the American Bar Association. Either a civil or a criminal case will then be put into the hands of a lawyer selected by the individual from a panel. (Criminal cases are covered under an existing statute.) This lawyer is paid a fee which, also, ultimately comes out of the British exchequer.

The whole operation is roughly similar to the device of the Public Defender, familiar for many years in scores of American communities. Our newspapers which try to sound the alarm about "socializing the practice of law" are falsifying the facts at the risk of creating international misunderstanding.

MERELY IRRITATING

NANKING

AMERICANS IN CHINA believe the time has come for the US either to put up or be shut out here. Most incline toward our backing down completely from any attempt to prop up the Chiang Kai-shek government. This policy hasn't worked in the past, and it won't work now, no matter how many men and dollars we pour into China; the Communists are too strong.

If Washington should decide on all-out support for Chiang, US businessmen and missionaries would have to abandon all of China, and the lives of those remaining in Communist territory would be in danger.

Our present policy of helping Chiang in dribbles is merely irritating the Communists. The previous policy was too ineffective to alienate the Communists completely. Now many Americans here are worried about the future. One of them comments, "We ought to know we are taking the chance of finding ourselves the chief attractions of a Communist kangaroo court." Both businessmen and missionaries, however, have been heartened by reports that missionaries in Tsinan and Kaifeng—recently captured by the Communists—are being well-treated and allowed to carry on their normal activities.

The silence of President Truman and Secretary Marshall perplexes Americans here. Most of them are thankful that Madame Chiang's bait was disdained, but they want a clear statement of US policy, something more than Vice Admiral Oscar C. Badger's promise that Marines would protect Americans and US interests in Shanghai in the event of disorder. Li Chi-sen, left-wing leader in Hong Kong, labeled the promise of Marines an "infringement of China's sovereignty." Nevertheless, Americans here believe the Communists would view Marine policing more leniently than any renewal of our "imperialistic" support of Chiang.

Randall Gould, editor of the American-owned Shanghai *Evening Post and Mercury*, wrote recently, "Washington still thinks it is possible to fight the Communists and to get along with them at the same time. It ain't necessarily so; in fact we think it's almost necessarily otherwise."

Americans here recognize the pro-Chiang factors: the US Navy, which says it needs Chinese bases; the Luces and the Judds; the men like Representative Sol Bloom, who shout for more support for tottering Chiang. But against these are the US Army, which has had first-hand experience with Chiang's armies; many business and missionary interests; and progressives in the State Department. The orientations of geographical power politics are very much involved, and it begins to look as if the US were discarding China as the first Pacific line of defense.

There is a strong current of opinion in favor of cutting off military material and advice, but continuing the ECA program. This holds that we should make clear that the help is from the American people to the Chinese people, not from the US Government to any particular Chinese regime. There was applause for ECA director Paul G. Hoffman's statement in Shanghai that help might be continued if the new government were one that "represented all the people."

Most Americans here believe the withdrawal of support to Chiang would be the most effective anti-Communist course. Though the US can't prevent China from becoming Communist, the maintenance of a commercial mission and cultural ties might sustain, perhaps even increase, friendship with the Chinese people. Another factor is the situation of the British, who seem to have few worries and who are busily making plans to do business with the Chinese Communists. One American businessman remarked recently, "What a break it is for the British here that their government hasn't any resources to put at Chiang's disposal."

WALTER L. BRIGGS

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NEW FACES IN CONGRESS

More new members of Congress will be on the roll of the 81st than in any Congress since Franklin Roosevelt led the Democratic Party out of despair and futility in 1932. The 81st Congress will have 118 new Representatives, of whom 103 are Democrats, and 18 new Senators, 14 of them Democrats. This is the second of a series in the New Republic *introducing some of the men who are taking seats in the House and Senate for the first time. A third article will appear in an early issue.*

THE MINNESOTA DELEGATION

MINNEAPOLIS (NR correspondent)

A FARMER, a college professor and a labor leader will be among the new men appearing in the Minnesota congressional delegation that for the first time in many years will be without the familiar conservative visages of Senator Joe Ball and tax-happy Representative Harold Knutson. By all odds the public is most interested in the six-foot farmer, Fred Marshall, who, with no previous political experience, defeated the veteran Knutson.

Four generations of Marshalls have lived on the 400-acre Meeker County farm where Fred Marshall has spent all his life as a dirt farmer. Though he had never run for office, Marshall had come to know the big 6th Congressional District intimately through his work on the Meeker County AAA board in the thirties, and later when he served as state director of the Farm Security Administration. He resigned that job last August to campaign against Knutson.

The Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party paid little attention to Marshall's campaign, figuring that Knutson would win as he has every time for the past 32 years. But the CIO did give Marshall some financial help and therefore probably can count on another pro-labor vote. But, like most farmers, Marshall is deeply independent and has no strong party ties. He is not so individualistic, however, as to believe that government should maintain a hands-off policy on such things as prices, social security, federal aid to schools and housing. He is for all of them.

The college professor in the Minnesota delegation is Eugene McCarthy, who teaches sociology at St. Thomas College in St. Paul. Campaigning, like Marshall, for the first time, McCarthy beat Edward Devitt by some 25,000 votes.

The reasons he gave for making the race are perhaps the best key to what his behavior will be in Congress. He said there was a need to build the D-F-L Party for independent liberals as well as for labor, and he was convinced that only a man who had the backing of labor could ever beat Devitt.

At St. John's University in Collegeville, Minnesota, McCarthy set a scholastic record unequaled before or since. At 19 he was a high-school principal in Tintah, Minnesota. Then he taught social science in Mandan, North Dakota, and was active in organizing teachers and others to participate in coöperatives.

When he went back to teach at his alma mater, he organized a housing co-op and a few years later bought a farm because he wanted to see if it was possible to make a living on a small piece of land. He tried it for a year, and succeeded. These varied experiences strongly indicate that book learning and professional standing have not isolated McCarthy from everyday life, and that he is a man who will make his own decisions.

The labor leader who is going to Congress is Roy W. Wier, 60, organizer and financial secretary of the AFL's Central Labor Union in Minneapolis.

Once he was a militant left-winger but now his old Socialist friends accuse him of cynicism. Employers who remember his earlier belligerence say he is more inclined to compromise now than he was back in the turbulent twenties and thirties.

Wier, a blunt and aggressive man, is a controversial figure in Minneapolis labor circles. Through years of labor struggle, sometimes involving street fights, he has made bitter enemies as well as many friends. He can list some 40 or 50 local unions which he helped organize and guide until they were able to carry on alone. He has served in both the state legislature and on the city school board and once before tried unsuccessfully for a seat in Congress.

On the matter of wage controls, which labor always fears might be demanded by business as a corollary to price controls, he has this to say: "I would support them during peacetime only when the same controls are exercised on profits, farm or food production costs, as well as controls over continued monopoly of little business by big business."

DRAWINGS BY ERNEST CRICHLOW

ROY W. WIER

EUGENE MCCARTHY

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OUTSIDE AMERICA

Marshal Tito is as bold and daring as the toughest of the hard Balkan peasants from whose stock he comes, but is no peasant in his manner of living. He loves good food and his belly shows it.

Yugoslavia's little people are cold and hungry. Life grows ever harder for them under the pressure of the Soviet economic squeeze. They cheer Tito's flaunts of defiance but they notice that he doesn't dare back up his words by playing the West's game. And above all, they see that he isn't going hungry, that he is warm in his villas, that he isn't practising the austerity he preaches.

Travelers returning from Yugoslavia report growing criticism. A man in Zagreb said, "Like ancient Gaul, the world is divided into three parts: East, West and Yugoslavia." Another, in Belgrade, said, "Our great leader hasn't the build for a tightrope walker." Perhaps the world had better start watching Tito's waistline.

★

Sanroku Izumiyama is widely known in Tokyo as a sportsman of the old school. The authority for this important fact is the New York *Herald Tribune's* Allen Raymond. Izumiyama is also an amateur fencing champion and, until a few days ago, was a member of the Diet and of the cabinet.

On the evening before Izumiyama relinquished his official posts (but not his reputation as a fencer and sportsman), the Diet was debating the supplementary budget, and was also to consider a motion of no-confidence in the government. As Finance Minister, Izumiyama presided at a party in the Finance Committee room of the Diet; as a good host, he provided liquid refreshments.

Soon Miss Coshi Matsuo, a Socialist member of the Diet, emerged from the committee room and complained that her host had tried to hold her hand. A group of male members of the Diet investigated, and found the Finance Minister asleep on a sofa in one of the lobbies. His presence was needed for the debate, but the male members failed to disturb his slumbers. Mrs. Harue Yamashita, another feminine member of the Diet, tried her powers of persuasion, and later reported from the rostrum.

Izumiyama told her, she said, "I don't care anything about the budget. I love you." She protested. He threw his arms around her and said, "With me, you come a long way before the budget." She slapped his face. He bit her.

The members greeted the report of this repartee with such loud noises of various sorts that a recess had to be taken. The vote of no-confidence wasn't presented, but Allen Raymond reports that the Yoshida government "has apparently been thrown into a state of utter confusion." And Izumiyama resigned his two official posts, perhaps to devote himself to his private affairs.

★

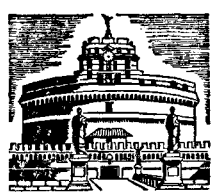
In Venezuela, the names have changed—Joaquin Crespo, Cipriano Castro, Juan Vicente Gomez. But until Romulo Betancourt became President in 1945, power had remained in the hands of dictators serving and being served by the big US and British oil interests, at the expense of the Venezuelan people. Then, in a free and democratic election in 1947, Betancourt was succeeded by Romulo Gallegos, a man of the highest caliber.

Two days before Christmas last year, Matthew P. Gilmour, chairman of the Committee for the Protection of American Investors in Venezuela, sent a letter to the stockholders of 15 oil companies. It said that "as a result of recent acts of the Venezuelan government, the burden placed on the oil industry has been unconscionably increased." Men around Gallegos "were, at one time, Communists," and "it is the purpose of this committee to effect such organization and to take all action which may be reasonably possible to assure the protection of the American investor."

Not quite one year later, top army officers, including Colonels Carlos Delgado Chalbaud and Mario Vargas ("just arrived from Saranac Lake, New York"), overthrew the Gallegos government. The New York *Times* headlined, "Oil Companies Disturbed."

★

Spain is "a land fecund of saints," Pope Pius remarked to the new Spanish Ambassador through whom he sent his "affectionate greetings" to Francisco Franco. Many Spanish saints have been martyrs. Not all Spanish martyrs have been saints: some have been simple men, uncanonized, except in the hearts of their countrymen, who dared to speak or act against Francisco Franco.



★

In Berlin a two-day siege of the Stadthaus was lifted in September when Russia's General Alexander Kotikov promised France's General Jean Ganeval safe-conduct for a group of policemen trapped in the building. But the Russian broke his promise and the policemen were arrested. Ganeval told Kotikov, "You will find that *I* always keep my word." In private, he used the famous unprintable comment of another French general—"the word of Cambronne."

Last month a new airlift field in the French sector began operating. Nearby, also in the French sector, were two towers of Russian-held Radio-Berlin. Ganeval told Kotikov they would have to be removed, and set a deadline. On the morning the time limit expired, the towers were still intact. Ganeval gave an order. There was a series of explosions. The towers were gone. Kotikov's comment wasn't reported.

P. W.

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IRON CURTAIN FOR THE MIND

New details of the Varga economic controversy show a Soviet trend toward uncritical theological orthodoxy

by Joseph P. Lash

A REVIEW of recent Soviet pronouncements in all the intellectual disciplines shows a trend toward a theological orthodoxy that is completely alien to the critical spirit of Marxism's founders and is immunizing the Soviet intelligentsia from the world of objective reality. It is important for Americans to appreciate the scope of the conformist reaction which holds Soviet intellectual life in its grip.

The Public Affairs Press has recently issued, as part of the Russian Translation Program of the American Council of Learned Societies, two Soviet volumes which dramatically document these ideological trends in the field of political economy. One is a stenographic transcript of a three-day colloquium of leading Soviet economists held in Moscow in May, 1947, for the purpose of criticizing Eugene Varga's *Changes in the Economy of Capitalism Resulting from the Second World War.* The other is a study of *The Economy of the USSR During World War II,* written by Nikolai A. Voznesensky, chief of the State Planning Commission and a member of the Soviet Politburo. As such, where he deals with the issues raised by the Varga book, his views can be regarded as the definitive statement of the Soviet political leadership.

The great political significance of the Varga controversy can be estimated from the fact that *Pravda* devoted a full page to the discussion at the colloquium, and the theoretical magazine of Soviet functionaries, the *Bolshevik,* has dealt with the controversy in several articles. Varga himself is a world-renowned economist who until recently provided Communist militants throughout the world with the authoritative interpretation of economic developments and their political implications. When his controversial book appeared, Varga was director of the World Institute of Economics in Moscow and editor of *World Economy and World Politics.* Both have since been discontinued, and while Varga is associated with a new Soviet journal, *Economic Questions,* the attack on him has shifted from the level of principle to his person, which augurs poorly for his future status in Soviet intellectual life. Nevertheless, the fact that he has not recanted or been purged, that he had his supporters at the colloquium and still has followers, would indicate that beneath the surface of orthodoxy a violent struggle still rages.

Varga's book is almost impossible to obtain in the United States, but Varga himself presented its main theses during the meetings in May, 1947. These were not limited to peripheral issues but dealt with economic matters whose political implications were direct and momentous. Varga's analysis of economic developments during the war and his forecast of postwar trends can be described as a "Western orientation." It assumes the feasibility and desirability of the peaceful coexistence of many economic and political systems in the postwar era. His downfall must be regarded as a victory for the "two-world" school which believes in the unbridgeability of the chasm between Communist and non-Communist worlds and their inevitable clash. The details of the controversy provide a fascinating study of the triumph of an ideology over realities.

Varga contended that the war had impoverished continental Europe, Japan and China, whereas it had increased the productive powers of the United States and Canada. He predicted a postwar crisis of underproduction in the impoverished areas and of overproduction in North America. This minor crisis would be mitigated by a movement of economic aid from America to Europe and Asia. On this basis Varga concluded that only when the impoverished countries had regained their prewar productivity—a process that would take at least ten years—would the real crisis of capitalism begin.

Was this a miscalculation of the immediacy and intensity of capitalist crisis? Varga's critics claimed that it was and that the fallacy lay in measuring "impoverishment" in national rather than class terms. In all countries except the USSR and the "new" democracies, they contended, the monopolists, despite the ravages of war, came out with increased wealth and power, the working classes were further pauperized, and the contradictions of capitalism correspondingly intensified. The magazine *Bolshevik* sharply commented that the "impoverishment" thesis had been advanced by "bourgeois politicians and economists for the very purpose of masking the colossal enrichment of the capitalists and the impoverishment of the toilers."

Another source of error on this point was held to lie in Varga's incorrect evaluation of the "new" democracies. Varga had argued that the relative weight of the new democracies in the capitalist world economy as a whole had been comparatively small and that changes in those countries could not change the general perspective of world capitalism, while his opponents maintained that the consolidation of the new democracies meant that the number of capitalist states had decreased and that this unquestionably had deepened the general crisis of capitalism.

A psychologically revealing comment on this aspect of the discussion was made by an eminent Soviet jurist who participated in the colloquium. "We are interested," he said, "in the degree to which the foundations of capitalism have been shaken, what cracks have been formed in its economic

This is the first of a series of four articles by Joseph P. Lash on the current attack on Western ideas in Soviet Russia. The second will deal with the genetics controversy.

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foundations, how near is the hour, the hoped-for hour of its crash, its downfall. We want to receive from the book a sharper, clearer, and for us more optimistic answer to these questions."

DRAWING BY GERTRUDE GOODRICH

If Varga's prophecies about the lasting-power of capitalism failed to meet Soviet requirements, his analysis of the recent past jarred Soviet assumptions about the exclusive attributes of their economic system. During the war, Varga argued, the state in all bourgeois countries acquired a decisive significance in the war economies. "The state, as the organization of the bourgeois class as a whole, is obliged, in time of war, to carry out such measures of regulation as not infrequently run counter to the interests of individual monopolies." Because the private interests of individual capitalist enterprises concerned only with maximizing profits might run counter to the need for maximizing war production, it was necessary for the state to intervene. This *permanently* enhances the role of the state because not all the war-acquired powers are relinquished with the end of the war, and even the directive powers that are abandoned conceivably could be reinvoked in future major crises.

Varga further denied that under capitalism "anarchy of production reigns everywhere, always and without any difference." Something like a "state plan" had begun to appear in some capitalist countries after the war. "In England," he pointed out, "they determine how much coal, steel, etc., should be produced in the coming year, how much shall be exported, and so on."

Varga's conclusion from wartime experience that the capitalist state could plan, and that it could and did discipline monopolists in the national interest, brought down the most violent attacks on his head. Far from subduing the monopolists, his opponents cried, the state was taken over by the monopolists for profiteering purposes and further transformed in the course of the war "into a committee on the affairs of the powerful monopolies." There can be no contradiction between the bourgeois state and the capitalists because the bourgeois state is the "class organization of the capitalists." Actually, they contended, the apparatus of state regulation and control was in the hands of the monopolies, which used their power to obtain higher profits and to shift the burdens of the war to the workers.

Voznesensky spoke out almost wrathfully against the "naïve" people and "malicious liars" who romanticize about capitalism:

> The discussions of certain theoreticians who consider themselves Marxists about "the decisive role of the state in the war economy of capitalist countries" are nonsense not worthy of attention. These "Marxists" think naïvely that the utilization of the state apparatus of the USA by the robbers of monopoly capitalism for the earning of profits in wartime demonstrates the decisive role of the state in the economy. The bourgeois state of the USA is characterized by the merging of the state apparatus, and primarily of its leadership, with the rulers and agents of capitalist monopolies and finance capital.

The colloquium refused to accord the name "planning" to the capitalist processes so designated by Varga: "Whatever names the 'honorable' Laborites may have given to their organization, these organs of 'planning' do not at all represent organs of real planning of the national economy. This is not planning and cannot be planning, for private property remains unshaken." Again it is Voznesensky who speaks most plainly: "The pitiful attempts to 'plan' the economy of the USA collapse as soon as they step outside the limits of aiding monopolists in the earning of profits."

In discussing the regulative powers employed by capitalist states during wartime Varga had offered statistics to show that rationing of consumer goods had produced an absolute improvement in the diets of the British and American peoples. While such rationing had been instituted in order to ensure industrial productivity and adequate supplies for the armed forces, it was nevertheless the fact that its result had been to improve living standards. Here Varga was attacked on both political and economic grounds. He was accused of glossing over the inequality of sacrifice during wartime in the bourgeois countries, black-market circumvention of rationing by the rich, evasion of war service by the wealthy. His position was asserted to have minimized the difficulties and privations endured by the workers in the war years, difficulties which were a continuation of capitalist exploitation. This line of ideological argument against facts produced a rather extraordinary evaluation by Voznesensky of the Beveridge cradle-to-grave plan for social security:

> By reducing his current consumption the worker or employee makes it possible for himself to have the minimum means during the period of unemployment, sickness, or old age. This is a peculiar stretching out of the poverty of the English worker over his lifetime. It turns out in reality that W. Beveridge's plan is intended to reduce the consumption minimum of workers and employees during their periods of em-

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ployment, and to maintain a semi-starvation minimum during their periods of unemployment.

Varga's interpretation of the impact of the war on colonial status forced him to revise yet another traditional Soviet conception. As a result of the war, he pointed out, some colonies had changed from being debtors of their mother countries to being creditors. There had been a simultaneous marked development of domestic industries in those colonies. This changed economic status had produced political consequences, among them the advancement of these colonies toward independence. At the colloquium Varga struck out impatiently at his opponents, who mechanically repeated: "The empires have remained empires, the colonies have remained colonies, everything has remained as it was before the war." These statements, Varga contended, were no longer tenable:

> The fact is that it is not England that is the creditor of India, Egypt, etc., but the contrary—that has some significance, has it not? It has, of course. The fact that the process of political liberation of the colonies is going on: that India has an ambassador among us and we have an ambassador in India—that is something new.

To which the reply at the colloquium was ". . . The colonies can obtain independence, but only in one way—the revolutionary way. . . ." (Most logically, this school had to, and did, minimize the reality of the independence of India, Burma, Indonesia; Communists in those countries were instructed to break away from the ruling coalitions and such adventures as the abortive Musso coup in Indonesia followed.)

The most damning accusation politically against Varga was made by the chairman in the process of summing up the colloquium debate, namely, that Varga had accepted the premise that during the war the struggle between the two systems had been suspended. In the chairman's opinion this was historically incorrect and it revealed "a clear underestimation of the struggle of the two systems as a determinant characteristic of the general crisis of capitalism." Although the chairman alone referred to this point, politically it was one of the most explosive, for it involved the real attitude of the Soviets toward the wartime coalition. Several times at the colloquium Varga's defenders had tried to justify his "formulations" on the grounds that the war situation "required us to soften the criticism of capitalist contradictions." Varga himself was not unwilling to use this defense, although his major contentions, which he did not abandon, lent plausibility to the chairman's impeachment.

Voznesensky rejected any notion of identity of purpose in the wartime coalition. The latter was itself a "historical coincidence." In the war the USSR was concerned with the defeat of imperialism, the annihilation of fascism and the restoration of democratic order in Europe, whereas the United States and England basically sought the elimination of German and Japanese capitalism in world markets.

Varga had predicted that after the war the bourgeois governments would not revert to their prewar hostility. Democratic forces everywhere would aspire to a policy of collaboration with the Soviet Union and governments would be more responsive to such pressures than to reactionaries seeking to foster the contradictions between the two systems.

In Voznesensky's view, however, the United States had replaced Hitlerite Germany as the organizer of aggression:

> Having waxed fat on the people's blood during the Second World War, monopoly capitalism of the United States of America now stands at the head of the imperialist and anti-democratic camp and has become the instigator of imperialist expansion everywhere in the world. Imperialist expansion in the USA is moving toward a new war as a means of seizing world domination, and as a means of crushing democracy, preventing an economic crisis, and opposing the working class within the country.

The degree to which the Politburo itself believes this is a matter of speculation. The significance of Varga's disgrace is that Russian economists and other sources of the Kremlin's economic intelligence no longer dare challenge this point of view. Clearly Varga's book bore the imprint of the era of wartime collaboration. It was the type of realistic analysis which Soviet economists were encouraged to make at a time when Stalin himself was still willing to affirm that the war against Hitler had *from its very beginning* (italics ours) been an anti-fascist war, and when Stalin was telling the Laski delegation that England could reach socialism by its own path, that Russia's approach to socialism, dictated by her own unique conditions, had been the hard one, and that Western countries with their own traditions had to find their own way to the common goal. Just as clearly, this period of tolerance is now over. Nevertheless, we are not warranted in concluding that it was simply a tactical maneuver while it lasted or that the forces now in disgrace cannot make a recovery.

Political implications apart, on the level of scientific method of inquiry, Varga's book constituted an effort to see economic facts as they actually are and to apply the tools of Marxist methodology in a way that did not distort them. He himself said in introducing his remarks at the colloquium: "It is not a matter simply of enumerating all the facts so that they lead inevitably to the former conclusions of Marxism-Leninism, but to use the Marxist-Leninist method in studying these facts. The world changes and the content of our work must change also."

It is noteworthy that the attack on the Varga school has subsequently developed into an attack on scientific objectivity itself. The *Bolshevik* has adjured Soviet economists to be "free from bourgeois objectivism," and a subsequent issue attacked the Varga school's faith in "bourgeois" statistics, accusing it of "being in captivity to bourgeois methodology." As in the natural sciences, adherence to an ideology has finally brought Soviet materialists to the absurd position of exalting ideological premises above material realities and of disputing the primary canons of scientific method.

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VOTE FOR WORLD GOVERNMENT

By almost 12 to 1, Connecticut citizens registered their mandate for a strengthened UN to prevent war

by Joseph P. Lyford

ON THE DAY after election, the commentators were too busy explaining that Harry Truman was still President to pay any attention to an interesting political development in the state of Connecticut. Along with the newspapers, they ignored what turned out to be the only real landslide victory in the nation. The victor in this one-sided election contest was, oddly enough, not a candidate for public office. It was a referendum proposal to change the United Nations into a limited World Government, and it won by a vote of 130,548 to 11,467—an almost 12-to-1 margin.

The Connecticut branch of the United World Federalists, which put the referendum on the ballot, is understandably disappointed that the overwhelming victory of the proposal has received so little national attention. What is even more disturbing is that Connecticut itself does not seem to be attaching much importance to the matter. Take the town of Deep River (population 2,332), for instance.

When the ballots had been counted, Deep River was the town that apparently had shown the greatest interest in the referendum. Of the Deep River people who voted for President, 51 percent had also taken the trouble to vote on the world-government referendum, which proposed "strengthening the United Nations to prevent war." Of these voters, 95 percent favored the proposal.

Most of the townspeople are not even aware of their achievement. One such citizen is Ernest Olsen. As the traffic officer who directs school children across Main and Elm, Olsen is able to keep an eye on the town hall, the post office, and the offices of the weekly Deep River *New Era*. Some of the main centers of conversation—such as La Place's furniture store, Mike

Nucci's barber shop, the Dog House Diner, Joe Waz's Soda Shop, and the Deep River Candy Kitchen—are right at Olsen's elbow.

Despite his knowledge of Deep River goings-on, Olsen was surprised to learn that his fellow townsmen, by their performance on election day, had won themselves the distinction of being among Connecticut's most world-minded citizens. He is skeptical about the significance of the vote, and the townspeople in general feel the same way.

Republican Town Chairman Ossian Ray says he is surprised, too. "It's interestin'," he adds, "but what does it mean, exactly?" In her office on the second floor of the library building, Allison Broatch, Deep River correspondent of the New Haven *Register*, declared that the town's record on the vote was news to her. "I'd be careful about drawing any conclusions," she warns. "It could be a sensational story, but I don't think it is."

Miss Broatch may be right. It was possible that Deep River—as well as the other towns in Connecticut which voted so solidly for the world-government referendum—had done something sensational. For the voters had, if they understood the proposal correctly, come out 12 to 1 for a world federal government which would take away some of the most important executive powers of the sovereign United States of America. They voted overwhelmingly to make basic amendments to the US Constitution and far-reaching changes in the United Nations Charter, changes which would probably be strenuously opposed by Russia and which might result in the secession from the UN of either the Russian bloc or the democracies.

But the chances are that Deep River was definitely not thinking along such revolutionary lines when it went to the polls. There was evidence to show that the voters had not completely understood the implications of what they were doing. The best indication that there must have been confusion on the issue was the wording on the voting machine:

"*Re* recommendation providing for strengthening of United Nations to prevent war."

The only clue that the referendum actually was a proposal for a world federal govenment was the title: "Vote on a World Government Referendum." When people looked at their ballot, most of them thought the same as Mike Nucci, the barber. "It was a question of whether you had faith in mankind or wanted to settle things by the point of the sword, that's the way I saw it," Mike said. "I voted yes."

The people who should know what the ballot was about are the Connecticut United World Federalists, the sponsors of the referendum. But even they confess themselves baffled and disappointed by the wording of the referendum as it appeared on the paper ballots and the voting machines.

Since the fall of 1946, the UWF had hounded the Connecticut legislature to put a world-government referendum on the ballot in order to give the state's voters a chance to indicate their approval of the idea. Connecticut's name, added to that of Massachusetts, which had passed such a referendum in 1946, would help influence the thinking of Congress and the President, the UWF felt. So after considerable discussion, the UWF worked out

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the phrasing of what it hoped would be the referendum question:

"Do you, as a sovereign citizen of Connecticut, and the United States of America, direct our representatives in the National Congress to urge the President and Congress to take the lead in calling for amendments to the United Nations Charter, strengthening the United Nations into a limited world federal government, capable of enacting, interpreting, and enforcing laws to prevent war?"

The UWF was assured by Connecticut legislators who sponsored the referendum in the assembly that it would appear on the ballot in this "long" form, and that there would be no amendments. But in the 1948 special session of the legislature, the question was reduced to the meaningless phrase that the voters read on election day. As one World Federalist put it bitterly, "After all that work, our politicians cut the whole heart right out of it."

The purpose of the UWF had been to present the question as specifically and honestly as possible in order to get the electorate's considered judgment on a limited world federal government. Consequently, when the "short" question was substituted, the UWF printed thousands of handbills and circulars carrying the full text.

But, argue the cynics, most of the voters in Connecticut's 169 towns never saw the circulars, and when they marked their ballot or pulled the "yes" lever, they were simply voting for the UN and peace. As a result, they add, very few congressmen will regard the result of the vote as a mandate from the people to "take the lead in calling for amendments to the United Nations Charter, strengthening the UN into a limited world federal government...."

Connecticut's congressmen will be mistaken if they write the referendum off as a simple vote against sin. Their constituencies may not have actually approved turning the UN into a limited world government, but their response to the referendum indicated one salient fact. This fact is that rural towns like Deep River, commuting centers like Westport and factory cities like Bridgeport and Norwalk feel as strongly as ever that the United Nations is still the world's best hope for peace and that the United States must do everything in its power to make the UN succeed.

This is a fact which even some prominent World Federalists have not realized fully. One of them, a Stamford housewife who figured prominently in the referendum campaign, says sadly, "People are beginning to talk about pulling out of the UN because it has already failed and we must take care of ourselves." She cited several instances in her own canvassing when she was told it was time the US realized it was being made a "sucker" by the rest of the UN, and that we should "quit paying the freight" for international squabblings. "I keep hearing people who talk like the New York *Daily News*," she declared.

The lady was being too pessimistic. An evaluation of the heavy favorable vote on the referendum indicates rather conclusively that the United Nations and peace remain intertwined in the minds of Connecticut's farmers, factory workers, businessmen, professional men, and housewives. It shows also a desire to implement the power of the UN and, conversely, a strong aversion to withdrawal by the United States.

The agreement of Deep River people on this point is significant because they are a pretty fair cross-section of the Connecticut citizenry. Located in the Connecticut River Valley, Deep River and the surrounding towns of Ivoryton, Chester, Essex and Haddam are speckled with factories ranging in size from the Pratt, Read plant (piano parts) and UARCO (office forms) to one-acre industries like the Hamilton Company (furniture) and the Connecticut Valley Manufacturing Company (augers and bits). The towns have numerous dairy and truck farms; alongside the road you can buy cider, eggs, fryers, celery and McIntosh apples. In Deep River there are a score of small stores and restaurants run by the same kind of tradespeople and small businessmen you find anywhere in America. Deep River has its Democrats and its Republicans: the town favored Democrat Chester Bowles for Governor by two votes, while at the same time it climbed on Tom Dewey's creaking bandwagon.

One citizen who, as a former state representative, made it his job to know what people think, is Joe Waz, proprietor of a soda fountain on Main Street. Joe has a lot of wrinkles in his face for a man of 35. When he was a soldier in New Guinea, he picked up malaria and has carried it around with him ever since. Perhaps because he's been at war himself, perhaps because his family came from near Kharkov, and because he has a brother he has never seen somewhere in Poland, Joe thinks quite a bit about the "problem of where do we go from here."

"I want a world government, I want a United Nations," he says. "Just give us a proposition to think over. But the

DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR GETZ

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big shots don't give us anything solid to work on. So nothing happens." He looked out of his kitchen window at Devitt Memorial baseball field next door. "Maybe if somebody dropped a bomb over there, something would begin to move."

In the parsonage of the First Congregational Church, the Reverend Walter Euston picked up Joe's idea and developed it from a minister's angle. He said that getting people to act on peace is in some ways like making them active Christians—"There's always the problem of how you are going to incorporate the ideal in people's lives. So far we send our boys to war and buy Liberty Bonds," the Reverend said, "but that's about all. The people in our town want to do something, but they don't know how."

The proof of their willingness to act lies in the way Deep River people have responded in cases where they have been able to work out their personal relationship to a problem. Frank Mondani, town Democratic chairman, is happy to talk about the way the voters turn out on election day, and the hundreds of questions they ask about the candidates. Harold Muggleston, principal of the high school, likes the conscientious way the Parent-Teachers Association supports the school-lunch program by putting on cake sales and benefit movies. The local fire department raises community funds by sponsoring open-air square dances. And now Deep River is discussing the possibility of building a regional school.

On all these problems the townspeople can see where they fit in; they can listen to concrete suggestions, make some themselves, and they can go out and proselytize their neighbors. This is why they talk about a new school gym and whether or not to raise the pay of the first selectman—they can do something about both issues. And, conversely, it is the reason why Deep River people don't talk much about world federalism or how to make the UN function more efficiently. Perhaps some day their government will give them an opportunity to do something effective for world peace. They seem to want that chance.

JOSEPH MEETS HIS BRETHREN

Human material from the ends of the earth enters Israel's new melting pot, but true homogeneity is still to come

by J. L. Teller

THE ISRAELIS' laborious quest for homogeneity often results in an unattractive uniformity. This is discernible in many spheres.

For a really good meal, for example, you must get yourself invited to a private home. In these days of food shortages this involves straining a friendship, even though the average Israeli is a hospitable person. Naturally, the restaurants are better stocked than individual homes, but as a rule their food is tasteless, with a faint suggestion of kerosene, for reasons that have no apparent connection with the exigencies of war.

The restaurants' poor food is baffling. It might have been expected that the Jews, coming from many lands, would bring to Israel varied culinary skills and a stimulating tradition of gastronomy. But excellence still prevails only in private cooking. Probably the explanation is that, in quest of a wider clientele, Jewish restaurateurs from Poland, Rumania, Hungary and Austria have deliberately sacrificed the distinctive regional features of their art for a heavy sameness.

Tel Aviv is a metropolis, and its women have taken to the New Look. Yet a woman who dares emerge on its main streets in an article of apparel not yet approved by the female community quickly finds herself the center of unwelcome attention. She is eyed with the amazed curiosity reserved for the mildly insane.

In the political arena, paradoxically, the multiplicity of parties in Israel testifies to the propensity for uniformity. The parties of both the Right and the Left cannot countenance doctrinal dissidence, and there occur intermittent breaks in the mold which result in the formation of new parties that soon become rigidly doctrinaire on their own hook. The very act of association with Zionism and Israel has involved the defiance of a universal prejudgment of the character and status of the Jew. Nature, however, seems to have its own ways of counterbalancing non-conformity in one sphere with conformity in another. Yet, despite this pressure for uniformity in Israel, divergence persists everywhere, most markedly in language.

Hebrew has been perpetuated as a spoken tongue only by the same kind of fanatic zeal that the Israelis manifest on the battlefield. Yet, in years of great immigration into the country, there is a proportionate decline in spoken Hebrew. I heard less and poorer spoken Hebrew in Israel last autumn than in Palestine in 1946.

One Friday evening I took a casual poll of the languages spoken on a single residential block in Tel Aviv. Because of congested housing and the long spells of oppressive weather, Tel Avivians live mostly on the terraces of their apartments. At night these light up like Japanese stage settings. On this particular evening talk and song filled the air; there were the low whispers of lovers and the harsh,

This is the fifth of a series on Israel by J. L. Teller, a Middle East expert. The final article will discuss the guerrillas and Israel's future.

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raised voices of political dispute. There were English in its multitudinous accents (including Brooklynese), German, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Russian, Polish, the Low Countries' gutturals and the Baltic raucousness.

It was a typical block. Not all these people had been brought to Israel by persecution, nor, for that matter, by Zionist conviction. Many had come because of an intense, inexplicable private compulsion.

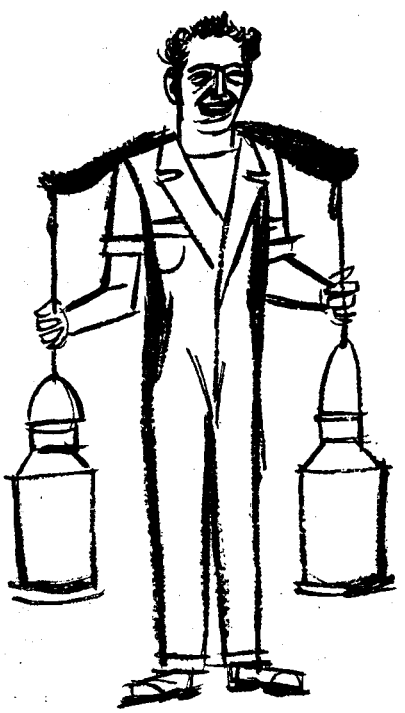
Said one intelligent, middle-aged, wealthy woman, thoroughly bored and annoyed with Israel: "I am leaving for Chicago. I know that I won't be happy there. Israel is like an ineffable guilt, and I shall never be free of it."

It seems that something akin to the indelible concentration-camp numbers that many Israelis wear on their forearms has been impressed on Jewish minds around the world because of Nazism, even in countries where they have had no special reason to feel insecure.

There was the former Swedish army officer and rotary-club president, a tall, bland individual who had come to Israel "to look around, maybe I'll like it." When I last saw him, he only half liked it, but was still looking around.

There was the well-to-do Anglo-Jewish doctor who has visited Israel twice since the state was proclaimed. He describes himself as "strictly non-Zionist" and calls Israel "this bloody country." Yet he will soon be bringing his family here.

"I know I'm crazy," he said. "The youth organizations will claim my children, and I won't be able to call my family my own in this ant-heap of collective living." He shrugged his shoulders.



On a street corner one day, passers-by were being buttonholed by a slight young soldier in an outsize overseas cap that almost blocked his sight. They would shake their heads and walk away. My wife nudged me, "Speak to him. It may be that he doesn't know Hebrew." I approached him, and tried Hebrew first.

He replied sullenly in Yiddish: "All I am asking for is street directions, but you would think I was among *goyim* by the way no one understands Yiddish around here."

He volunteered the information that he was 20 years old, a DP. His gaunt features and distrustful eyes were those of a man 10 years older. He told me that a distant American relative had sent him papers and money. He had been set to leave for the United States when news reached the DP camps of war raging in Palestine.

"Under the circumstances I had no choice. You can't let your brethren down. We volunteered, a whole boatload of us."

There is tension between the *sabra* (Palestinian-born) and the DP soldier, he revealed. Others later confirmed this. "When we get our leave, the *sabra* goes home to mama. But where would I go? To search for the charred remains of my family in half a dozen death camps? The *sabra* gets packages from home to add to his army rations; I must get along on the £2 a month I draw from the army. Last week, my officer, a *sabra,* wisecracked: 'My dog is not too bright, but he responds when I call him in Hebrew. Yet you have been here a month . . .' I'll let no man call me dog. So I punched him, and there was a free-for-all."

From the depths of Africa, a group of volunteers arrived one day with little to show their Jewishness—only the phrase "*Shma Yisrael*" (Hear, O Israel) and a smattering of customs that bore a dim trace of Jewish origin. They were inseparable as a group, but also unteachable. Finally broken up and distributed among several units, they sulked, balked and looked so savage that the Chen (Israeli Wacs) girls, a doughty lot otherwise, refused to go on sentry duty with them.

The *sabra's* attitude toward the DP's and other underprivileged Jews is ambivalent. He tries hard to overcome the feeling of being ashamed of them. This shame may partly be due to the Zionist propaganda which drummed into the Jewish mind that centuries of inferior status crippled the Jew and only statehood would restore him to normality. The *sabra* has been brought

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up to regard himself as the first truly normal Jewish specimen since the Second Dispersion, hence infinitely superior to his brethren around the globe.

However, he has also been instructed in sympathy. He manifested courage and dedication when, by a thousand perilous routes, at risk of life and liberty, he helped in the past decade to bring thousands of Jews out of Europe and into Palestine. But when the task was done, he adopted a patronizing attitude toward the Jews he had rescued. The *sabra* is impatient with the newcomer's complexities, denounces as ingratitude the latter's restlessness, and feels pity and revulsion for all Jews outside Israel.

In a private home one day we were discussing American and British Jews. The 17-year-old daughter of our host suddenly flung down the book she had been reading. "I am sick of this talk of *galut* (Jewish communities outside Israel)! I am sick of it, do you hear?" she cried, stamping her foot, and ran out sobbing.

True homogeneity will not emerge for at least another generation, as witness the example of the German Jew. Those who arrived from Germany as children or adolescents have adjusted themselves remarkably well and are making solid contributions in all the spheres of state building. Only their punctiliousness and tenacious single-mindedness set them somehow apart. The older German Jews also have made a valuable contribution by bringing to Israeli commerce and industry a passion for order and a perfectionist competence. But they are still German. You can spot them by the rigid way in which they walk their dogs at exactly the same quarter-hour each morning and evening; by the way the elderly couples walk huddled, arm in arm; in the formal way a German sits with his family at a café table, springing to his feet, soldier-fashion, when a friend approaches.

Polish Jews are more restless, fidgeting in their chairs, widening the circle around the table, and hopping all over the place to greet friends. The German Jews built up Nahariya, the finest sea resort in Israel, just ten miles from the Egyptian front. Its perfectly laid-out streets, with their spacious lawns and well-spaced trees, its garden cafés, and the mailmen and cabbies with the proper designations on their caps, bear out the anecdote they tell of Nahariya. When the UN map planners were debating whether to allot the town to the Jews or the Arabs, the mayor evidenced no concern. This was surprising, so he was asked about it. "Ach, it doesn't matter," he replied. "*Nahariya bleibt immer Deutsch*." (Nahariya will always stay German).

The South African Jews in Israel have made their influence felt beyond their numerical proportion. Unlike American Jews, the South Africans, besides contributing money to Zionist funds, have perpetuated their influence by establishing institutions, staffed whenever possible with their own people. They hold stock in the Anglo-Palestine Bank, which has issued the Israeli currency. But however liberal he may fancy himself, the South African Jew has brought to Israel the smugness and doctrinaire narrowness of outlook which typifies white communities that live by exploiting colonial peoples. It has also been noted that where the American suggests, the South African demands.

An intelligent South African Jew told me that he had no worry about domestics and that as soon as his family arrived he would engage several Yemenite servants. I remarked that it would not be easy, because of the labor shortage. He smiled knowingly: "Mind you, I am a liberal, but I know how to handle the colored."

DRAWINGS BY NEUWIRTH

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The Yemenites whom he called "colored" constitute, according to some estimates, a full third of the total Israeli population. They are mostly Jews from the Arab lands, and are not Negroid, but Semitic, with skins running the gamut of the shades that distinguish Arabs of the various regions. The Yemenite Jews, slight, wrinkled, with kinky hair and infinitely sad, kind eyes, are humble Hebrew scholars and great gold and silversmiths.

Then there are the Kurdish Jews from the mountain fastnesses of Iraq, wiry, fierce, quite unlike any other Jew. Despite admonitions from police and judges, they get drunk on sacramental wine every Friday night and beat their wives.

There are the Bukhar Jews, from Russian Asia, tall, broad-shouldered merchant princes who carry their heads with regal pride. Both male and female show a propensity for colorful brocaded garments. In their synagogues on Saturday morning they pass around a shaker of "smells," just to perfume their palms. With the exception of the Bukhars, these Eastern Jews are very poor; their female folk go into domestic service at the age of nine or ten, and get married at twelve.

The American Jew is not popular in Israel. This may be ascribed partly to a lingering deference for the British. Said a *sabra* girl with an affected British accent: "Americans are so rude, uncultured, and can't speak English." The American tourist, too, has been at fault. He has generally been the boisterous, naïve, bluff, businessman type and fits the collectivist settlers' distorted preconception of "capitalist" America.

Some young Israelis take a position on the American Jew similar to the one that some of the English, in the early lend-lease days, took with regard to the US. "The American Jews treat us like mercenaries. They're staying home, while we are fighting their battle." It is futile to challenge this fanatical contention. The truth is that American Jewry has contributed not only in money, but also in manpower, and without the compulsion of open

persecution that has been stalking most other Jews, including the South African. For years American youths have been trickling into Palestine as settlers, without seeking administrative careers. The extent of their contribution to the war effort cannot be revealed, so long as the embargo is in effect.

There are lost souls by the hundreds haunting Israel's sidewalk cafés and the dilapidated elegance of the seaside bars. They are mostly women of the Central European Jewish higher middle class, wide-hipped, broad-bosomed *Frauen,* with bleached hair and brightly painted fingernails, their skins aging with cruel rapidity in the savage Mediterranean sunshine. From their early adolescence they have been accustomed to wearing formal attire in the evening, to men rising when a woman approaches their table, and to kissing of the hand.

Tel Aviv's male population rarely changes from its khaki shirts and shorts. On the Sabbath the men put on ordinary business suits—the acme of formality. Rising from the table and kissing a woman's hand would be queer in this state whose pioneers have made equality between the sexes a basic tenet of their faith and where so many young women are in uniform.

These women speak longingly of their life in Jerusalem before the war. It was an international city, they sigh. The fact is that it was only a provincial capital with a sophisticated set of uprooted individuals—British officials who drowned their nostalgia in scotch and soda, and wealthy Arabs with a taste for European living who sought occasional relief from their inbred Moslem environment. In such a society these women deliberately closed their minds to the ferment stirring in the country.

Then events exploded in quick succession. The mandate terminated; the Arabs fled; the British departed to rejoin their families. These women, emotionally stranded, were pulled in for interrogation by Israeli authorities, and learned that they had been under surveillance for years. Now they sit in Tel Aviv's cafés, arms akimbo, aging visibly by the day. When a new, attractive, foreign-looking male appears in a café, their eyes light up with a desperate hope, but, seeing his khaki, they sigh, and the lights go out again in Central Europe.

Among the lost souls in Israel are British officers with the Israeli army, strictly mercenaries who had hoped that Israel would reward them by putting them in command of her forces. Things have not turned out as they anticipated, and now these Britons would like to be discharged and go home. But they have seen too much of a high-security nature to be permitted to depart before peace is made.

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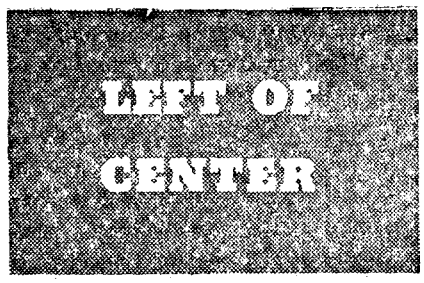

HOW TO MAKE CERTAIN that the recent election victory does not escape their grasp is the immediate problem for liberals. The difficulty is not only Republican opposition but also conservatism in the Democratic Party itself.

The first hurdle is organization of both houses, where the seniority rule may give undue strength to the Democratic "old boys."

The second hurdle is the attempt of party bosses, especially in the big cities, to deny renomination in 1950 to some of the bright young liberals elected in 1948.

The third hurdle is the Dixiecrat move to infiltrate Northern state organizations of the Democratic Party through the Truman-Barkley Clubs. Behind this scheme is Steve Harrington of Minnesota, formerly part of the Crump machine, who is vice-president of Bigelow and Brown and thus one of the mouthpieces of its fabulous chief, Charles Ward.

Newly elected liberals are choosing executive assistants with great care from among men with long organizational experience. Chat Paterson, formerly chairman of the American Veterans' Committee, is expected to do an executive job for Chester Bowles. Frank McCulloch, Labor Education Department director of Chicago's Roosevelt College, is going to Washington as administrative assistant to Paul H. Douglas. Dick Bolling, Andy Biemiller, Hugh Mitchell, Gene McCarthy, George Rhodes and others are picking their staffs with careful attention to men who combine sound liberal theory with good practical background. When the 81st Congress meets, some of the best liberal brains in the country will be in D.C.—in the person of congressional staff people. These may turn out to be the new "brain trust" of the Second New Deal.

The greatest weakness of the new liberals in Washington is lack of precinct machinery to ensure nomination in 1950. Many young crusaders were nominated in 1948 because party bosses—certain of Democratic defeat—put forward the liberals, hoping the candidates would get their heads bashed in. Hence comes the increasing attempt of liberal officeholders to persuade co-ops, farm organizations and labor bodies to gear themselves for effective *primary* battles.

This column has been reporting the shakeup in the Democratic, Republican and Socialist Parties and traditional third-party groups precipitated by the recent election. The Communist Party is no exception. One straw in the wind is the reason, now made public by the CP of New Jersey, for the expulsion of Max Bedacht, one of its founders. "The main tenets of the line of Bedacht," says the New Jersey Stalinist group, "were that the issue in America today was Capitalism versus Socialism, and that the Progressive Party is equivalent to the French Third Force." Although Bedacht was dropped many weeks ago, the reason for the expulsion was published in the *Daily Worker* on November 19. Another straw in the wind was a meeting called by Earl Browder of about a hundred people and held in New York's Hotel Capitol on November 29. The door was carefully guarded by A. A. Heller, for many years the financial angel of the CP and a close Browder backer. All this may add up to what the Stalinists call a "right turn."

Vito Marcantonio proposes publicly that the American Labor Party change its name to the Progressive Party of New York. The announcement is carried in the *National Guardian,* semi-official sheet of the Progressive Party. In its weekly paragraphs on "Common Sense About Words," the *Guardian* says of "Totalitarianism" that "it is a decoy word hauled into our language for the sole purpose of causing confusion." It maintains that the term's creator, Professor Karl Schmidt-Dorotitch, was thinking of Hitler and that "its inventor never had the Soviet Union . . . in mind."

Notes. Negotiations to have the International Association of Machinists, largest unaffiliated union in America, reaffiliate with the AFL took place this month. . . . Loss of Communist strength in the United Electrical Workers (CIO) is beginning to turn into an avalanche: elections among 15,000 employees of General Electric in Schenectady voted in Frank Kriss, who ran on an anti-Communist platform; elections in the Cleveland plant of GE voted in the Fitzmaurice slate (avowedly anti-Communist) by a more than two-to-one majority. . . . The AFL chartered its 106th International Union, composed of about 1,000 members, almost entirely flight engineers. . . . George L. Berry, president of the International Printing Pressmen, a former US Senator and for 41 years head of the union, died this month. His post was filled by J. Herbert de la Rosa of California. . . . Michigan is the pilot state in a labor-co-op drive to get solid union backing for coöperatives. Governor-elect G. Mennen Williams was a key figure in the recent conference, where it was reported that union backing was successfully putting over the co-op idea in industrial centers for the first time in a full generation.

Add to the list of union officials, now sitting in Congress, the name of James V. Buckley, Chicago, former president of Local 714, UAW-CIO. . . . Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas will reach her constituents through a weekly radio report over FM Station KFMV, run by the International Ladies' Garment Workers.

The Liguorian, Redemptionist Father monthly, lists seven "National Capital Sins of America." Alongside of the Planned Parenthood League and the Atlantic City Bathing Beauty Contest are listed, as sinners, the "Anti-Civil Rights Program of the South" and the "Propaganda of the National Association of Manufacturers."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

ESCAPE FROM HYDE PARK

by Lloyd Morris

As ELEANOR ROOSEVELT remarks in her touching foreword, the letters presented in this book "cover many of the most formative years of my husband's life." At the opening of the correspondence, FDR, aged twenty-three and a law student at Columbia, is setting out on his European honeymoon. When it closes he is a man of forty-six, at Warm Springs, resolving to turn down the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York.

F.D.R. HIS PERSONAL LETTERS: Volume II; 1905-1928. Edited by Elliott Roosevelt (Duell, Sloan and Pearce; $5).

Between these episodes lie his apprenticeship to politics in the New York legislature; his service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy; his unsuccessful candidacy for the office of Vice President; his affliction by infantile paralysis and gallant effort to remake his life; his return to public activity as spokesman for the presidential candidacy of Al Smith; and the demand of his party that he resume his own political career. This second installment of his personal letters—most of them addressed either to his wife or his mother—thus embraces the period of FDR's real education. That fact alone is an adequate guarantee of interest. For, in view of the social consequences that it generated, FDR's education can be reckoned as one of the major influences on the life of our times.

Readers chiefly familiar with the later years of FDR's career are likely to be astonished by the transformation reflected in these letters. The young bridegroom who made a conventional grand tour of Europe in 1905 gave scant promise of becoming the leader to whom, in 1932, Americans turned as a potential savior. The youthful FDR was a product of his environment and tradition: wealthy, light-hearted, ignorant of serious responsibilities, little inclined to question the ancestral values so insistently upheld by his mother. Even his political debut, in 1910, slipped into a sanctioned pattern with a comfortable margin of decorum. It followed the precedent set by his wife's Uncle Ted, whose program of social reform implied nothing more drastic than a gentlemanly belief that "clean government" would furnish the solution for all pressing problems. Once installed in the upper chamber of the New York legislature, young Roosevelt promptly organized an insurgent revolt against the Tammany machine of Boss Charles F. Murphy. But this action presaged no disquieting radicalism. His relatives and friends in the Hudson Valley were able to accept if not applaud it. It failed to shake their settled conviction that the republic would continue to be administered in the interests of the rich and well-born.

Yet a process of transformation began soon afterwards. It was already well advanced by 1916, when FDR had been in Washington for two years as Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Josephus Daniels. This correspondence throws no light on its origin, and seldom records the impact on him of new ideas and wider horizons.

But that their impact was decisive some of these letters make abundantly clear through glimpses of family discord which resulted from his changing attitude. In one of them, he tells his wife of a visit to New York, where he dined with his mother, an aunt, and his uncle, Warren Delano. After dinner Uncle Warren "gave the usual line of talk 'agin the government' " and FDR retorted with a eulogy of Woodrow Wilson which, he surmised, "did good" only to his aunt. The memory of this dispute lingered with him when, somewhat later, the presidential election of 1916 was hanging in the balance. While awaiting final returns, he forwarded to his wife a copy of the blistering telegram which he proposed sending to his Uncle Warren if Wilson was re-elected. To this letter he added a revealing postscript: "I hope to God I don't grow reactionary with advancing years."

One year later, FDR appears to have finally rejected his social and intellectual heritage. Readers of Eleanor Roosevelt's *This Is My Story* will recall that she, at about the same time, was also repudiating the ancestral values. These letters suggest that, in the conflict of social creeds occurring within the family circle, FDR's mother and wife represented the irreconcilable outlooks of the past and future. Among them is a remarkable letter from Sara Delano Roosevelt written in 1917 to her son and daughter-in-law after one of their visits to Hyde Park. During their stay, FDR apparently had expounded his new convictions, to his mother's serious alarm.

In her letter, she made a desperate effort to reverse the drift of his thinking. Bewildered by "the *trend* to 'shirt sleeves' " and challenging the doctrine that "one can be as democratic as one likes," she protested that "I cannot believe that my precious Franklin really feels as he expressed himself." What he said on that occasion can only be inferred. But the direction of his thinking is made clear by the speech in which he accepted the vice-presidential nomination three years later.

Also included in the present volume,

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this speech foreshadows the social aims, and many of the political instruments, of the New Deal. One cannot read it today without being persuaded that, in outline at least, the New Deal had been taking shape in Roosevelt's mind for more than a decade before his first presidential campaign.

The true nature of his mind is likely to be a subject of controversy for many years to come. It is one to which these letters make a lively contribution. Though they report on his activities almost day by day, sometimes in the form of a journal, they contain few allusions to his reading and very little discussion of general ideas. In many ways, they indicate that he shared the intellectual temper of such pragmatists as William James and Justice Holmes. Like them, he seems to have regarded ideas as indications of the ways in which existing reality could be changed. Like them also, he seems to have felt that ideals expressed possibilities, and were valid only in so far as they were capable of being realized.

His interests were not speculative; his preoccupation was with "definite and continuing action." Again and again, his letters illustrate how he translated this intellectual temper into a working philosophy—and how the philosophy, when expressed in action, committed him to calculated hazards, audacious expedients and brilliant improvisations. That he understood social progress, and life itself, as a perpetual experiment his letters frequently imply. Perhaps, with William James, he would have asserted that in the total game of life we stake our persons all the while; that success depends upon energy of act, and energy of act on faith that we shall not fail, and this faith on the further faith that we are right. Certainly the present volume furnishes convincing, often very moving, testimony that he both lived and acted in the light of this insight.

Lloyd Morris is the author of The Rebellious Puritan *and* Postscript to Yesterday. *He is now working on a sequel to the latter book, to be published next fall.*

EPIGRAMS FROM SWANN

THE MAXIMS OF MARCEL PROUST. Edited and translated by Justin O'Brien (The Columbia University Press; $3).

PROFESSOR O'BRIEN has selected from the 4,116 pages of the standard French edition of *A la Récherche du Temps Perdu* 428 generalizations, which he has classified under the headings "Man," "Society," "Love," "Art," "Time and Memory." Thus isolated, these "maxims" throw a new and interesting light on Proust. When we read them in the original, embedded in the slow but relentless movement of the narrative, we use them as aids to our insight into the particular phase of the action being described, or sometimes as opportunities to take a deep breath before plunging back into the Proustian sea. We consider them in their original context less as valid observations about man in general than as helpful hypotheses which assist us to get into Proust's world. In the narrative they take on the color and feeling of their environment, and the question of giving *assent* to them hardly arises.

But remove these generalizations from their context and look at each by itself and you realize that Proust has been interspersing his narrative with observations about man in both his personal and social aspect that represent a running commentary on the world he is recreating—both an explanation of it and of the reasons why he shapes it as he does. These are acute and not very comforting (yet not cynical) perceptions. Proust sees clearly through the veils of self-love and self-comfort with which we cover our reports of ourselves to ourselves. When he tells us that "to each one of us clear ideas are those which have the same degree of confusion as his own," or "to make reality endurable we are all obliged to encourage in ourselves a few small foibles," we feel as though somebody has suddenly whisked away part of our clothing. In the original text, these maxims never seem to refer to *us*, but to the "lost time" of which the author is in search and which he discovers before our eyes. But here, when collected as individual maxims, they flash right out at us, and we wince.

And yet this is not altogether our world. Its variety of conventional sexual affairs in which mistresses, kept women, your mistress' other lovers, and all the paraphernalia of a ritualized immorality prevail, prevent the section on "Love" from being as apposite or as generally interesting as we might expect. We do not need the Kinsey Report to show us that in modern America our sexual adventures do not follow these forms, and Proust's implication that such forms are natural and universal among civilized people —an implication only clearly revealed when you take his remarks on love from their context and put them side by side—make much of this section of of the book sound like a collection of anthropological curiosities. Yet even in this section the modern American reader will receive some solid hits, such as: "There is nothing like desire for preventing the things one says from having any resemblance to the things in one's mind," or, "In a separation it is the one who is not really in love who says the more loving things."

As one would expect, in the section on love the subject most fully and searchingly treated is jealousy; it appears in more than twenty uncannily perceptive remarks. "We assume we know what things mean and what people think for the simple reason that we do not really care. But as soon as we have a real desire to know, as the jealous man has, we are faced with a dizzy kaleidoscope in which we can make out nothing."

The shrewdest remarks are in the sections on Man and on Society, and the wisest in the final section on Time and Memory. Proust analyzes the nature of habit exhaustively, and with a keen sense of the relation between a man's *persona* and his real self. But he knows also that habits are necessary to survival, on the emotional as well as on the physical plane. He is fascinated, too, by the changes that a single

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personality can undergo. "Our heart changes, and this is the greatest cause of suffering in our life. But we understand this sorrow only in literature, only through the imagination. In reality our heart changes, as certain of nature's phenomena take place, so slowly that, even if we are aware of each successive state, the actual feeling of change is spared us."

The translation, which in the nature of the case is brisker and less "literary" than Scott Moncrieff's, is admirable for its purpose, deftly bringing these observations out of context to present them as maxims. As such they can be read with interest, even with fascination, if not always with comfort. DAVID DAICHES

David Daiches is professor of English and chairman of the Division of Literature at Cornell University. His latest book is A Study of Literature.

GROOVES OF ACADEME

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Edited by Robert E. Spiller, Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson and Henry S. Canby (The Macmillan Company; 3 vols.; $20).

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE (second edition), by James D. Hart (The Oxford University Press; $7.50).

SEVERAL YEARS of labor, the close collaboration of a group of the more wide-awake professors of American literature and the generosity of a number of endowments have combined to produce the most ambitious survey of our literature since the important, but sadly frayed, *Cambridge History of American Literature.* In view of its scope, its high seriousness, its genuine attempt to overcome obvious hurdles, it is regrettable to have to set it down as another academic report. Again, in fairness, that was what it was intended to be.

If it succeeds in nothing else, this hulking compilation demonstrates that in the last thirty years the study of American letters has begun to receive serious attention from our livelier scholars. The *Literary History* might be described as the culmination of a generation-long struggle on the part of most of its contributors to wrest an illegitimate but attractive foundling from the buttery fingers of the ivy-covered English departments.

It is too soon to attempt a definitive evaluation of a work of this scope. The first two volumes run to more than 1,400 pages and include the contributions of fifty-odd scholars. The third volume is an 800-page bibliography, which is, on the admission of its editor, frankly selective. It has taken us the better part of thirty years to get a perspective on the *Cambridge History* and the chances are that it will be a long time before the merits and debits of the new book can be weighed.

But even on an early inspection, it is safe to say that the coverage of the field has been expert; up to the very recent past no important phase of American writing has been neglected. As we approach the present we find such major monsters as Henry Miller, Tennessee Williams, Paul Goodman, Saul Bellow, Isaac Rosenfeld and Djuna Barnes missing. These omissions are understandable but could perhaps have been obviated had the editors limited themselves to the period which recognizably ended with the collapse of the Spanish Republic, Munich, and the literary wastes which will some day be called "The Forties." The literary historian is always safest when he is looking upon literature as history.

The unimpeachable merits of the book are already evident: in particular the background chapters on our colonial literature and the writers on the early Republic; the inter-chapters on folk humor, folklore and the socio-economic aspects of the literary business. Particularly good are Malcolm Cowley's chapters on the last-named subject: "Creating an Audience" and "How Writers Live." The major disappointment is encountered in those long chapters on major authors where subject and author have been too neatly matched. What more could Carl Van Doren say about Benjamin Franklin; Willard Thorp about Herman Melville; Henry Seidel Canby about Walt Whitman, and Carl Sandburg about Lincoln? Even Mencken's contribution is on "The American Language."

The book comes to life when F. O. Matthiessen writes on Poe instead of, as one might have expected, on Henry James. James, surprisingly enough, is covered by R. P. Blackmur, whose subject in the cabala of scholasticism should have been Henry Adams, assigned here to Robert E. Spiller. But the surprises are few and even a preliminary report can emphasize that more imagination could have gone into the book.

Because of its price and its size, the *Literary History* will be presumably a library item, professor talking to professor and professor talking to student. How exciting would it have been, then, for the end customer to have met, along with the solid and necessary virtues of the *History*, Katherine Anne Porter on one of our colonial writers, Henry Miller on Thoreau or Whitman, Penn Warren on Faulkner, or Stark Young on Eugene O'Neill and what little else there is of American drama?

But as the editors say, in an all too modest preface, "Each generation should produce at least one literary history of the United States, for each generation must define the past in its own terms." Whether the task of definition has been successful remains in doubt; the job of identification and clarification has certainly been achieved.

The appearance of the *Literary History of the United States* coincides with a revised and enlarged edition of James D. Hart's *Oxford Companion to American Literature.* In the seven years since the publication of the first edition, it has proved its value as a reference work, going far beyond its model, *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*, in expanding the frame of reference of the term "literature." Although Hart bit off more than he could chew by trying to cover the whole field of American literature by himself (and the second edition reproduces many of the errors and omissions of the first), he has given

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us an indispensable desk-book which firmly roots American literature in the subsoil of our social and intellectual history.

While the volume is largely given over to biographies of authors and abstracts of their more important works, its long-range value may well rest on its succinct entries on such subjects as *Abraham, Plains of*; *Book Clubs*; *Borden, Lizzie*; *Little Theatre*; *Marbury vs. Madison*; *North American Phalanx*; *Puccini, Giacomo*; and several hundred entries on political and religious movements and organizations. Of additional service is a chronological index that relates in parallel columns American literary and social history.

GEORGE MAYBERRY

CHEKHOV IN CHINA

THE QUEST FOR LOVE OF LAO LEE, by Lau Shaw (Harcourt, Brace; $3).

WHEN LAU SHAW'S *Rickshaw Boy* was published in this country about three years ago, in Evan King's fine translation, it was recognized at once as a wise and moving novel, a poignant interpretation for Americans of the plight of the common man in modern China and a searching implied indictment of social and economic conditions under Kuomintang rule. The author was rightly accepted as both a leader in a hopeful Chinese literary renaissance and a valuable cultural ambassador from his land to ours.

Now another novel of Lau Shaw's, originally known as *Divorce*, but presently called *The Quest for Love of Lao Lee*, arrives in a translation by Helena Kuo, and it must be said immediately that it is no *Rickshaw Boy*. In some part its inferiority to its predecessor may be because the English text is less smooth and graceful. But its frailties as a novel interesting to those whose especial concern is not contemporary China lie deeper than that. Its characters are not particularly memorable or well-drawn, its narrative has little cumulative power, and its satire and irony are only intermittently striking. It is diffuse and a little dull, and its central figure lacks the warm, rich humanity of the humble, courageous hero of *Rickshaw Boy*. Nevertheless, while *The Quest for Love of Lao Lee* is thus a disappointing work of fiction, it does not suggest that we have been wrong in looking upon Lau Shaw as an incisive social critic or as an important interpreter of unhappy modern China. Indeed, his honesty and forthrightness as critic and interpreter have the paradoxical effect of keeping his novel from being as popular and as artistically successful as it might otherwise have been.

It may be that the publishers were wise in not keeping the original title, *Divorce*. Casual readers might have felt that they had been deceived, since no divorce takes place. Yet that is the very point of the novel. Futility is its theme, and most of its characters, including the nominal hero, talk about that modern Western practice of divorce and plan to get one, yet in the end go back to their wives, sometimes with a concubine or two added to the family.

The only character who does anything that is positive or practically helpful is a scorned and drunken family retainer who sensibly murders the villain of the tale—a fellow, by the way, who seems to indulge in his villainy only because the novelist wants him to. And, after his one valuable deed, the retainer wanders off into as much futility as the rest of them.

In the end, Lao Lee gives up his routine, bureaucratic job and goes back to the country, but even that seems a useless kind of gesture. He does, however, leave a message behind him, and it is the one frankly editorial judgment the author has to pass.

> I cannot [writes Lao Lee to his friend, Big Brother Chang] waste any more of my time on dreams. I see clearly now. At a time when great changes are taking place in our country, we think we are ready to accept new ideas such as divorce without considering the conditions we live in. At the same time ancient traditions attack the new ideas from all sides, and we do not trouble to find out whether there is any basis for truth in our conservative ideas. Maybe that is why our modern civilization is neither Eastern nor Western and neither new nor old, and all the time we are but puppets in the huge drama of change.

The only reference to anything political is made when Big Brother Chang's worthless son is arrested as a Communist. He is actually no more a Communist than his father, a dull, prosperous, well-meaning, rather smug employee of a government bureau, who immediately upon the arrest is dropped by all his alleged friends save Lao Lee.

WOODBLOCK BY HUANG YUNG YU

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With the exception of that arrest, *The Quest for Love of Lao Lee* is explicitly no more a political novel than "The Cherry Orchard" is a political play. Yet, as the eloquent futility set down in the Chekhov masterpiece became a symbol and a portent of the destruction of a class in Revolutionary Russia, the rather tedious futility of everyone in Lau Shaw's novel emerges as a symbol and a portent of an equally momentous social debacle in Revolutionary China. Done with proper effectiveness, *The Quest for Love of Lao Lee* might well have been almost a Chinese equivalent of "The Cherry Orchard." Since at least in its present English-language adaptation (there exists another and considerably freer unpublished adaptation by the translator of *Rickshaw Boy*, which is not being considered in this review), it is a clumsy and disappointing novel, it seems merely the scenario for a devastating satire.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

FICTION PARADE

THE GREEN CHILD, by Herbert Read. With an introduction by Kenneth Rexroth (New Directions; $2.75).

AN ACT OF LOVE, by Ira Wolfert (Simon and Schuster; $3.95).

THE SKIN OF DREAMS, by Raymond Queneau. Translated from the French by H. J. Kaplan (New Directions; $1.50).

THE "GREEN CHILD" in Herbert Read's novel is a girl who wanders mysteriously into an English village where she is adopted and cared for by an old woman. Peculiar to her are the color of her skin (hence her name) and a curious insensitivity to the life about her. ("There was no evidence that she possessed any ordinary human affection.") After a number of years, she falls in with Olivero, returned to the village from a life of adventure in South America. In a kind of hypnotic state, the two sink through a pool to emerge in the nether world where the "green child" originated, and here Olivero finds the reality, or Truth, or wisdom which he had missed in his active life. He follows a contemplative existence in the company of a beetle called Cypher; "from the way it moved its mandibles, he judged it to be of a lively disposition." (Indeed, it's the liveliest thing in the book.)

Like the inhabitants of most Utopias, the people in this world solve the usual complications of "human affection" by eliminating them altogether. The discipline Olivero submits to is a kind of exact reverse of the ascetic discipline: instead of subduing the flesh, "he had discovered that final wisdom which sees in the soul a disturbance of the peace of the body. The soul it is that incites the senses to seek spiritual satisfactions. But the only satisfactions are physical, measured, and immutable." Through a gradual suppression of the spirit, the initiate reaches "all that is finite and solid, all that is hard and eternal, all that is fixed and harmonious." For "their sole desire was to become solid —as solid and perdurable as the rocks about them." That is to say, purification through ossification. Life is harmonious when it is static, rigid—in other words, dead.

In his introduction to the book, Kenneth Rexroth asks "What does it mean?" and answers that "it means the same as and no more than the falling of the solar system on its long parabola through space." That isn't such extravagant praise as it may first appear; in fact, it asks altogether too little from a work of fiction. He says further: "In *The Green Child* reality is again entranced and translucent with the light of a natural glory behind it." It is the creation of "a visionary world where the grass and flowers were like gems and the water like lambent aether." Why not like grass and flowers and water? The disappointment in such "vision" is that it does not penetrate its object, but replaces one order of reality by another imaginative one. And that order is of doubtful authority because perfectly arbitrary; why more "natural glory" in a flower because it is "immutable" or less dignity in human beings than in stones?

An Act of Love is a novel about the effect of the war in the South Pacific on a number of American civilians living there. At least, it is about that as much as anything else. The most striking aspect of the book is its length; when a novel today stretches through 577 pages it is worth asking the reason. The answer will probably be found in the prose itself. Almost any page, or even paragraph, of *An Act of Love* betrays a confusion of intentions. A jumble of imprecise or unrelated or conflicting images destroy one another before the reader's eyes. These two instances, selected at random, are characteristic: "The quiet was like cloth. The major made juicy little sounds as he ate, but there was quiet where his sounds ended and the quiet lay on the face and bunched up in the ears and when Harry held his head up to listen he could feel his nose sticking into the quiet there." Again: "When one boiled away the imagining and polite deceptions, the guff and gugg, and came really down to the meat in the soup, there it was. A man did not marry a person." What is true of successive paragraphs must be true of the whole as the book meanders its length seeking its meaning. For the multiplication of a muddle doesn't clarify it.

The Skin of Dreams is a picaresque tale of a heel who goes from bad to worse, to success—from a suburb of Paris to Hollywood. This short (115 page) novel is crowded with people and varied narrative, but remarkably distinct, because the author maintains a brisk detachment. Throughout the story the characters evince a persistent (and thematic) concern with vermin; the point is finally made when someone remarks that a human being, under similar pressure, would crack like a louse. This distortion is not cynicism or aversion; nor is it satire. It views the characters externally and in reduced proportions, and while it certainly refuses to admire them, it neglects to judge. The language is supple, hard and slangy; it must be a triumph of translation.

JOHN FARRELLY

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RADIO: Notes on Manhattan

DEFYING THE RULE that national magazines should focus their interests on national enterprises, we distribute the Christmas season's radio favors among the New York locals, WNEW, WNYC, WQXR and WMCA, with small sprigs of holly also for WMGM and WOV. This selection may look like Hudson River chauvinism, but the truth, as will appear, is that these independent stations, beamed almost exclusively at the five boroughs, have set patterns for the nation's radio as a whole.

To appreciate WNEW's leadership, you must first take a quick look at the way NBC and CBS fight their war. As a worried nation knows full well, the CBS acquisition of Amos 'n' Andy and Jack Benny has broken up NBC's powerful comedy lineup. Edgar Bergen has quit temporarily; Fred Allen mutters resignation; Fibber McGee and Molly are trying to act coy in the face of CBS offers of blood money for deserting NBC. Clearly, the golden CBS barrage has rocked NBC's schedules. But as Benny moves to CBS, Sunday nights at seven, what has NBC scheduled in his place? Does it offer listeners something fresh to compensate for the loss of the comedian who has consistently held his place among the Hooper "first fifteen"? Against Benny's CBS show, NBC will pit the Horace Heidt program, a half-hour devoted to discovery of "talent"—a device that throws us back to the Pleistocene age of the late Major Bowes.

WNEW, a station which has repeatedly shown what it means by counterpoise programming, would not have done it that way. When the FCC's "Blue Book" aroused effective resistance to commercial jingles, WNEW adapted the technique to "Little Songs on Big Subjects," obtaining the services of Tin Pan Alley experts like Hy Zaret and Lou Singer to make democratic sense out of the one-minute spots. To counter the neglect of the Negro artist in radio, WNEW created the air-version of the American Negro Theatre. In opposition to the spread of giveaway shows, WNEW put on a rollicking series called "Lose Your Shirt." On election night, when all the networks were supplementing returns with big-name professional commentators, WNEW brought exclusive telephone comments from such important "amateurs" as John Foster Dulles (whom it reached in Paris) and Chester Bowles (whom the station says it informed of his election as Governor of Connecticut).

I haven't been told by Ted Cott, WNEW's vice-president in charge of programming, what he'd do to fight CBS's theft of Benny if he were at NBC. But I have an idea that he would fight fire with something more potent than the Heidt show. It would be in character if he suddenly threw away the old Sunday-night comedy format —since he had lost its most powerful components anyway—and decided that the time was just right for two solid hours of really important drama, outswanking CBS's highly rated "Lux Radio Theatre," perhaps even rising to the BBC level of running great plays verbatim, and starring the most attractive actors in the world.

Why not? NBC can afford to explore. It can afford, also, to trust the intelligence of America's listeners. Let it look at WNEW. This station has often experimented—and has made the adventures pay off; it is one of the most profitable radio properties in the country; its gross revenue is about $2.5 million a year. NBC's president once assured me that the corporation's profits come from the stations which it owns, and not from network programming. I prescribe counterpoise for NBC.

WNYC is the city's own station—the only non-commercial, municipal outlet in the country. It would have earned its gift necktie if it had done nothing but be first in the country to specialize in symphonic music (circa 1924) and broadcast the full United Nations discussions direct from Flushing Meadow. WNYC has done much more. It has contributed heavily to the development of dramatic formats; it has trained some of the best radio personnel; it has shown every station in the country how radio can serve its community.

WQXR has made a successful business of specializing in symphonic music. On the whole, its newscasts are balanced, its discussion programs are honest and well-tempered. Its children's programs are among the most responsible. WQXR is owned by the New York *Times*.

WMCA has excelled all other radio stations in dramatizing "the stories of men and events which affect the lives of all minorities in our democracy." The program which makes that tall claim is "New World A-Coming." If Nathan Straus, its principal owner, had done nothing but start that program, he'd have earned a place among radio's very best. WMCA has broken more radio taboos than any other station I know. Its public-service format is a model.

WOV is the leading foreign-language station in an area where foreign-language broadcasting is still given important consideration. WMGM has earned fame not only because of its fine all-around sports reporting but, specifically, because it is the voice of "Red" Barber.

A few months ago, when WMGM had some big doings in connection with changing its call letters (it had been known as WHN) one amusing bit was put together by Jo Ranson, a wise staff man who remembers when broadcasting was much more naïve. This skit recalled the time when an announcer who didn't know what else to do—and that happened often—simply recited Poe's "The Raven." Not only WMGM but most other local stations have long since said "never

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more" to that kind of corn. Much of the credit for their growth in maturity belongs to the half-dozen New Yorkers who have woven the pattern of balanced broadcasting in the interests of the community that supports it.

That's what we have in New York. At a radio-business conference a few years ago, the above-mentioned Ted Cott shocked his more powerful (but not more opulent) network colleagues with an address entitled "Nuts to the Networks." If the rest of the country had the kind of balanced community radio diet that New York enjoys, we could all join Cott's chorus. But since it hasn't: Happy New Year, networks!

SAUL CARSON

THEATRE: Maxwell Anderson

IN A SENSE there is no dramatic criticism in America: all our writing on the subject of the theatre is directed not to the illumination of creative personalities but to the making of reputations. When a dramatist like Maxwell Anderson writes a play that displeases us we make ugly sounds and pronounce it a flop, when another of his plays provides an enjoyable evening we gurgle approval and proclaim a success. The dramatist is never truly seen, defined, situated. Thus success and failure are equally a defeat. The man of talent disappears in a kind of artistic anonymity.

I say this apropos of Maxwell Anderson's latest play, "Anne of the Thousand Days" (at the Shubert), which has been greeted with the kind of acclaim that is good for business. When I left the theatre, I hardly knew what I had seen: I was only certain that the play was a hit. It has a romantic air that captivates, but I had to read the text (William Sloane Associates; $2.75) to discover what it was really about, and what I thought of it. What I found was Maxwell Anderson with his own unique physiognomy.

Anderson deserves to be known. He is one of our few authentic dramatists in the sense that for twenty-five years he has supplied our stage with a steady stream of plays that all—good or bad—bear the stamp of his personality, his reaction to the world. Whether or not one admires that reaction is less important for the moment than to recognize its presence.

The essence of Maxwell Anderson's work is a benevolent indecision. He is a quiescent anarchist. No man or government, he feels, is truly just; we all walk in a painful, glamorous maze: life, as one of H. G. Wells's cockneys would say, is a rum go. Thus all problems are treated with a kind of soft skepticism and considerable affection. The tonality of the Anderson plays usually is composed of a gentle and slightly melancholy moodiness. Factually and intellectually all concrete considerations tend to lose their shape and to dissolve in a sad and tender blur with a never altogether extinguishable Puritan Christianity dominant.

If this were all, Anderson could not have gained the position he holds in our theatre. He has a charming and sometimes bawdy humor (as in the first three scenes of "Anne"—the Anglo-historical equivalent of the saltiness in "What Price Glory?"). He has a love of English words, whether it be the American people's slang or the rhetoric of the British classics. He has a real yearning for the heroic days of great gesture, splendid deeds and muscled heroes. This is as evident in a play like "Gods of the Lightning" as in "Elizabeth, the Queen." Above everything, he is in awe at the phenomenon of two people in love.

My first reaction to "Anne of the Thousand Days" was that it hung in mid-air, that it lacked a basic point—aside from the fact that it was a love story about people (Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn) who spoke good English and were stars of history. This was enjoyable for the early part of the evening and acutely disappointing for the rest. But on reading the play I realized that its point was not to be isolated in a specific theme or even character problem but in the total impression which is the revelation of the Anderson sensibility and talent, the nature of which I have tried to suggest. If that sensibility does not act as a distinct force, it is at least the true image of a man—far more significant of the educated American of good will than many of us care to admit.

What hurts "Anne" as a play is its production—upon which much praise has already been lavished. Though Motley's costumes are opulent and handsome, the production is poverty-stricken. It has no atmosphere of feeling, of period or of theatrical grandeur. The setting is a feeble compromise—inferior, in every respect, to what a good college production might achieve. The acting and direction, in relation to the opportunities the script affords, are merely professional routine, which is another way of saying amateurish with authority.

Rex Harrison, judging from the films I have seen, is an able, attractive and intelligent drawing-room comedian—expert with lines and sharp in the projection of a sort of mental naturalism. He is not romantic in the sense Olivier is; he is not a delineator of character in the sense that Laughton as Henry VIII was. He swaggers a little (the production lacks movement), he assumes the Holbein stance as he wears his Holbein cap throughout, and he works sincerely, but he has no real sinew, sensuality, or emotional dimension. . . . Joyce Redman is a cunning actress with great performance vitality, a slight pathos, a robust comedy sense, but her portrayal of Anne Boleyn has no center, no depth, nothing queenly beyond a female assertiveness. Not for a moment is she a tragedienne. The effect of all this is a fundamental dryness, and Maxwell Anderson, whatever else he may be, is not dry.

HAROLD CLURMAN

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ONLY THE MOST RECKLESS of eccentrics would care to take the position that Bob Hope is not funny. His ability to make the nation laugh is equaled by very few entertainers today, and one does not willingly challenge the American sense of humor. It is also true that in the presence of Hope everyone guffaws.

And yet once you are away from him, it is a puzzle to explain what was so hilarious. Hope, it would seem, has a strong taste but almost no flavor. This is not because his style is limited and because he repeats a simple routine before a cyclorama of backgrounds. The gamut of W. C. Fields was narrow, the antics of Jimmy Durante and Groucho Marx are stylized almost to the extreme of a rite; yet sober adults have been known to break into crippling laughter at a passing recollection of any of these three clowns days and weeks after the event. Few, I think, would laugh at Hope in retrospect; even his most polished jokes evaporate as they leave his mouth.

Perhaps the reason why Hope's humor fails to take root is that it makes *no comment; it has no application* beyond the situation of the moment; it utterly lacks satire. Hope produces laughs much as a cigarette lighter produces flame; it is done with a twist and a spark, and when you snap the cover it's out. What Hope has to offer is a machine product, an effect produced by gag writers trained to time and shape their little devices to micrometer fineness. He displays the gadgets with perfect efficiency, with no waste effort, and he earns the applause—and the pay—with which our country rewards a technician. A lot of work and a lot of specialized thought goes into a Hope performance, but there is no heart to it.

With this said, "The Paleface" can be recommended as the latest-model Hope (Jane Russell provides dynaflow). It induces a laugh about once in every 48 seconds, and if you come out of it more sore than satisfied, you can at least appreciate how a cow feels about the electric milking machine.

The typical New York movie audience endures pain with admirable stoicism, and the cries around me at a performance of "The Decision of Christopher Blake" were therefore all the more pitiable. This, like "Live Today for Tomorrow," is a problem film, and it looks, on such evidence, as though Hollywood had better beat a quick retreat to pure escape. Boredom was better.

The thesis of "The Decision of Christopher Blake" is that divorce is hard on children. True, but that's the only truth in the film. This adaptation of the Moss Hart play manages to hit false notes with the persistence and much the effect of a dentist probing a nerve. Alexis Smith, the wife, acts toward her ten-year-old son as though she'd just met him for the first time; the father, Robert Douglas, employs a hollow heartiness that a boy would spot in a second. Ted Donaldson, as the son, is reasonable enough in his waking moments, but the film is developed in terms of his dreams, and these fantasies are such monuments of vulgarity as could never be accomplished by a young mind.

Everyone is bad in the film: Cecil Kellaway as a revoltingly sentimental judge, Harry Davenport as a doddering court attendant, Mary Wickes as a gravel-voiced, golden-hearted maid. I hope the boy got clear of the whole miserable crowd and was locked up in some good, clean institution, but I couldn't stick it to find out.

In the golden age of American popular song, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart were two of the gods. From "Mountain Greenery" to "The Lady Is a Tramp," they wrote songs which still today recapture almost intact the fragrance of the years in which

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they were first sung. There can be few people older than thirty for whom there are not vivid associations, both personal and general, attached to "Blue Room," "Thou Swell," "Small Hotel" or "On Your Toes."

With the whole portfolio to draw upon, it would seem impossible to produce anything less than an entrancing musical comedy, and I think if M-G-M had been content to present in "Words and Music" a kind of Rodgers and Hart omnibus they could not have failed. But they have tried to give some body to their scenario by labeling it biography, and it appears that the two song writers had no lives at all. At least, there is a prologue apologizing for the lack of dramatic incident and in the subsequent portrayals Rodgers (Tom Drake) comes out as flat as an ironing board and Hart appears as a monstrous case of jitters. Mickey Rooney should never be permitted to play anyone but himself; when he attempts characterization the result is a kind of involuntary libel.

The two principals talk to each other and to the girls they love in the cloying sentiments of their songs, and they talk a great deal between production numbers. When people begin to rhyme "June" with "moon" and "this is" with "kisses" in their real lives, they should do so privately and under the supervision of an attendant. I realize these portrayals make no pretense to truth, but what way is that to treat human beings?

ROBERT HATCH

CORRESPONDENCE

Bonfire

SIR: May I enter a rueful plea that I have been badly distorted—nay, completely misrepresented—by one line in Max Lerner's piece about my essay on "The Businessman in Fiction" [the NR, December 6]? I refer to the line that suggests I am a book burner: "If only they [the books in question] could be banned or burned."

The fact is that I would not ban or burn anything. I am not only against censorship, public or private, but also *for* complete literary license, whether it is license to publish *Das Kapital* or *Fanny Hill, The Naked and the Dead* or *Zippy Stories*. I don't believe the state has any more business trying to purge Hollywood script writers than it has in trying to fix the price of beans or tires in peacetime. As Mr. Lerner can't seem to understand (though I have tried to educate him over a decade of amiable squabbling), I am a libertarian. I believe in freedom, period. All I want is a good hot argument over values, and to the extent that Mr. Lerner's article promotes such an argument I am all for it. But let us keep things on the plane of argument, not of unwarranted imputation that I would suppress anything.

Cheshire, Conn. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

SIR: My meaning was as clear as I could make it. I did not say that John Chamberlain is a book-burner, but that the logical sequel of his heresy-hunting campaign against the novelists might well be book-burning. Chamberlain says he wants only a good hot argument over values. So do I, but in that case he must not feel too agonized when I show where his values lead. I know he thinks of himself as a libertarian. But I say again that when he makes the test of great fiction the ideological correctness of the authors, then the conditions of freedom as well as of creativeness are corroded.

New York City MAX LERNER

Full Text

SIR: The *New Republic* of December 20 contained an article, "Black Skin and White Marble," describing the report of the National Committee on Segregation in the Nation's Capital, regarding conditions faced by Negroes in Washington, D.C.

Your readers might like to know that the full text of this report can be obtained from the Committee at 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago 15, at 75 cents per copy, plus 10 cents for mailing. Quantities may be had at a discount.

Chicago, Ill. JOSEPH D. LOHMAN

Exchange

SIR: Could you put me in touch with a reader of the *New Republic* who is prepared to exchange his copy for the *New Statesman and Nation* on a weekly basis?

A. E. JENKINS

Woodridge, Cwmllynfell
Swansea, South Wales, England

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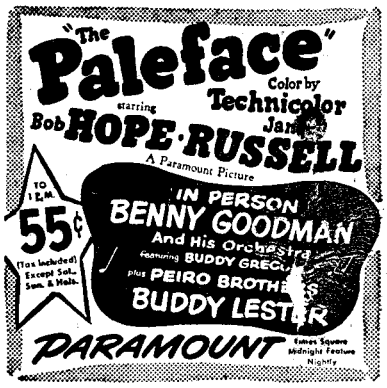

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Memo to a man with a sore nose

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